

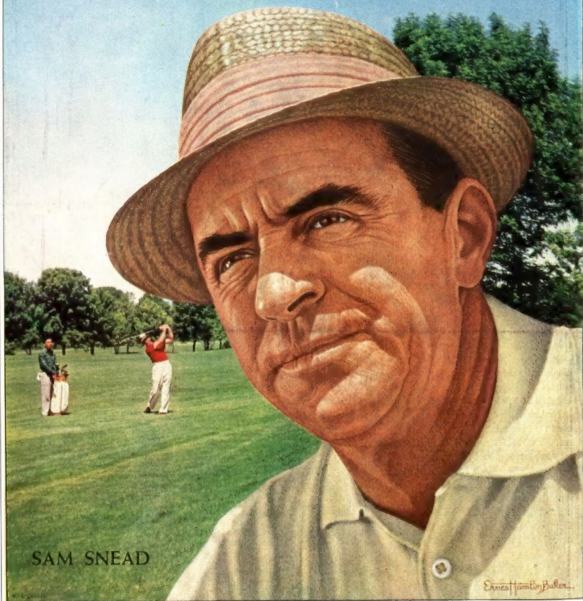
TWENTY CENTS

JUNE 21, 1954

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



SAM SNEAD

Ernest Hamilton Baker

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VOL. LXIII NO. 25

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AMERICA'S SMARTEST, LOWEST-PRICED, custom-equipped, four-door station wagon, the Nash Rambler Cross Country offers Hydra-Matic Drive, exclusive Nash Reclining Seats and Twin Beds.

**Thanks to Nash, every new car buyer can now
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Today your Nash dealer will show you—let you drive—the world's first cars that are completely air conditioned—by a system so advanced in design—so low priced—that it obsoletes everything on the market.

Not two separate systems, but one single unit that refrigerates in summer, warms in winter—ventilates and filters out dust and pollen all year long.

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air intake . . . Airliner Reclining Seats . . . Twin Beds . . . continental styling. The company that pioneered Airflyte Unitized Construction which gives you "double lifetime" durability.

Come see and drive a new 1954 Nash Airflyte—the car that combines advanced design and superb performance with down-to-earth economy. Exclusive features and quality construction, PLUS new low prices make Nash the greatest car value ever offered.



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Tells the story with diagrams of this great comfort and health feature. Write Nash Motors, Div. American Motors Corp., Dept. T, Detroit 32, Michigan.

*Patents applied for.



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Summer, winter, spring or fall—one temperature control does it all. All forward of the instrument panel. No wasted trunk or passenger space. No drafts on back of neck.

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RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



Photo courtesy J. Robert Bailey, Inc., Pottsville, Pa.

Hose gulps a lake to rescue a coal mine

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

BENEATH this lake are coal mines that can be worked again if they can be reached. Drop some pipe in, and pump the 12-billion-gallon lake dry? The water is loaded with acid that eats steel. Use rubber hose? The water is full of silt and stones that tear rubber to shreds.

Ordinary rubber, that is. Luckily, the engineer in charge knew about a special B. F. Goodrich rubber developed for chute linings to stand the grinding of gravel and sand. This rubber is soft enough to *give* under the beating it gets, yet so tough that it's even used in some places to carry broken glass.

B. F. Goodrich hose, lined with this special rubber, has been on this job 18 months and is still good as new. It gulps 14 million gallons of water-acid-mud-small stones a day, yet engineers predict it will last the 3 years needed to finish one of the biggest draining jobs in history.

Reducing costs for business is our business. And the way we do it is by constantly improving all kinds of rubber products to make them last longer, stand harder use.

That's why the original cost of a rubber product doesn't tell the whole

story. It stands to reason that B. F. Goodrich V belts that outlast others 2 and even 3 times, and conveyor belts that often last 10 times longer, will cost you far less over a period of years. To find out about recent money-saving improvements made by B. F. Goodrich and what they can do for you, call your BFG distributor or write *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Department M-266, Akron 18, Ohio.*

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INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS
DIVISION

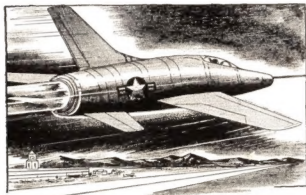
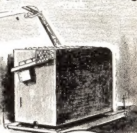


Ripley's

WORLD'S FASTEST PITCHER THROWS NOTHING BUT STRIKES!

USED IN BIG LEAGUE BATTING PRACTICE, AND ON MANY PUBLIC BATTING RANGES, THIS ROBOT PITCHER CAN HURL A BALL OVER THE PLATE EVERY 7 SECONDS -- AT SPEEDS UP TO 110 MPH. TO HELP GIVE SUCH PERFECT CONTROL AND PUT ALMOST HUMAN "STUFF"

ON EVERY BALL, SPECIAL RUBBER FINGERS ARE FASTENED TO THE METAL THROWING HAND WITH **TY-PLY**. THIS REMARKABLY TENACIOUS ADHESIVE, MADE BY **B-W'S MARBON**, BONDS RUBBER TO METAL SO FIRMLY THAT EVEN A 5000-POUND PULL CAN'T TEAR IT LOOSE.



NEW COMBAT PLANE OUTSPEEDS MACH 1 IN LEVEL FLIGHT!

WHILE OTHER PLANES HAVE FLOWN AS FAST AS SOUND (MACH 1) BY DIVING, THE AIR FORCE F-100 SUPER SABRE HAS EXCEEDED IT IN LEVEL FLIGHT. TO MAINTAIN THE HIGH-VOLUME, ACCURATE FLOW OF FUEL NEEDED BY THE HUGE JET ENGINE, A **PRESSURE-LOADED PUMP FROM B-W'S PESCO** IS USED. PROVED FOR PRECISE ACTION, THIS PUMP CAN DELIVER OVER 100 GALLONS A MINUTE WITHOUT FAIL.



THE FAST, DEPENDABLE FREEZING FOR WHICH **NORGE** UPRIGHT FREEZERS ARE FAMOUS IS ASSURED BY MANY SPECIAL PRODUCTION-LINE TESTS. IN ONE OF THESE, **B-W'S NORGE** USES AN UNUSUAL "FOOD," SCIENTIFICALLY FORMULATED. IT DUPLICATES THE CONSISTENCY AND MOISTURE OF MOST ACTUAL FOODS. WITH IT, ENGINEERS CAN TEST FREEZING ABILITY FAR OFTENER... BE STILL Surer OF NORGE'S PERFECT PERFORMANCE.

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IN ALL ARE MADE BY

BORG-WARNER

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BW

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HELPING A NEW PLANE TO PUNCH THROUGH THE SONIC BARRIER AT WILL... ASSURING PERFECT CONTROL FOR ROBOT BASEBALL PITCHERS... PILING UP NEW AUTOMOBILE RECORDS FOR SAVING GAS!

BORG-WARNER SKILL AND INGENUITY TOUCH THE LIFE OF ALMOST EVERY AMERICAN EVERY DAY.

FOR EXAMPLE: 19 OUT OF THE 20 MAKES OF MOTORCARS CONTAIN ESSENTIAL PARTS BY **BORG-WARNER**. EVERY COMMERCIAL PLANE AND MANY SHIPS AFOAT HAVE ABOARD VITAL **B-W** EQUIPMENT. 9 OUT OF 10 FARM SPEED FODD PRODUCTION WITH **B-W** EQUIPPED MACHINES. AND MILLIONS ENJOY THE OUTSTANDING ADVANTAGES OF **B-W** HOME EQUIPMENT AND APPLIANCES.

WATER STREAMS THAT CAN DRILL THROUGH PINE PLANKS!

WHEN HIGH-CARBON STEEL FOR PLOW DISCS IS HEATED AND CROSS-ROLLED, TOUGH SCALE FORMS. IF ALLOWED TO REMAIN, THIS SCALE DISFIGURES THE SURFACE. SO **B-W**'S **INGERSOLL PRODUCTS** BLASTS THE GLOWING STEEL WITH JETS OF WATER THAT STRIKE WITH FORCE ENOUGH TO DRILL RIGHT THROUGH A HEAVY PLANK. THE WATER SCOURS AWAY THE SCALE... MAKES POSSIBLE PLOW DISCS OF PERFECT SMOOTHNESS.



JULIUS CAESAR CLEARED UP ROME'S TRAFFIC CONGESTION!

HE WAS PROBABLY THE WORLD'S FIRST TRAFFIC SAFETY DIRECTOR! JULIUS CAESAR PASSED A LAW THAT REGULATED VEHICLES, BROUGHT ORDER, CUT ACCIDENTS. TODAY, TRAFFIC SAFETY DIRECTORS IN U.S. CITIES HAVE FAR BIGGER PROBLEMS IN REDUCING AUTO ACCIDENTS THAT TAKE 38 THOUSAND LIVES YEARLY. SO DRIVING OR WALKING, FOLLOW THEIR SUGGESTIONS, OBEY TRAFFIC LAWS--SAVE A LIFE.



AAA
MOBILGAS
ECONOMY RUN

B-W OVERDRIVE HAS WON EVERY TIME IN AMERICA'S TOUGHEST ECONOMY RUN!

11 RUNS... 11 SWEEPSTAKES WINNERS. ALL EQUIPPED WITH **B-W OVERDRIVE**! THE RECORD IN THIS GREAT GAS-SAVING CONTEST TELLS WHY 6 MILLION CAR BUYERS HAVE CHOSEN THIS TRANSMISSION. MADE BY **B-W**'S **WARNER GEAR**, OVERDRIVE AUTOMATICALLY CUTS ENGINE REVOLUTIONS 30% AT CRUISING SPEEDS. BESIDES SAVING GAS, THIS GIVES A RIDE THAT'S SMOOTHER AND QUIETER.



These units form **BORG-WARNER**, Executive Offices, 310 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago: ATKINS SAW • BORG & BECK • BORG-WARNER INTERNATIONAL • BORG-WARNER SERVICE PARTS • CALUMET STEEL • CLEVELAND COMMUTATOR • DETROIT GEAR • FRANKLIN STEEL • HYDRALINE PRODUCTS • INGERSOLL PRODUCTS • INGERSOLL STEEL • LONG MANUFACTURING • LONG MANUFACTURING CO., LTD. • MARBON • MARVEL-SCHIEBLER PRODUCTS • MECHANICS UNIVERSAL JOINT • MORSE CHAIN • MORSE CHAIN, LTD. • NORGE • PESCO PRODUCTS • REFLECTAL CORP. • ROCKFORD CLUTCH • SPRING DIVISION • WARNER AUTOMOTIVE PARTS • WARNER GEAR • WARNER GEAR CO., LTD. • WOOSTER DIVISION

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Santa Fe

**New luxury streamliner via romantic Indian Country between
Chicago—San Francisco...with through service between
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New "Big Domes"—world's most beautiful railroad cars
add excitement to the scenery and fun to your trip.
Angled sofa seats and refreshment lounge in upper level;
smart cocktail lounge below. Courier Nurse service.
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Yosemite National Park. For a new adventure in travel,
ride the New San Francisco Chief!

Take the family along! Any Santa Fe ticket office or travel agent will
gladly show you how our FAMILY FARE PLAN can reduce your travel costs.

LETTERS

Horse of Distinction

Sir:

Re TIME, May 31: It was very refreshing to see a thing of beauty on your cover after a long succession of gimlet-eyed politicians, visionary healers, obtuse-browed soldiers, cocaine-anthine millionaires, foreign tyrants and dyspeptic men of utmost distinction...

Toledo

ALAN KEER

Sir:

Not since the white horse came for Joe Palmer® have I seen such a story as yours... I voice here the approving sentiments of several members of this club...

CAMPBELL H. BROWN
President

Thoroughbred Club of Tennessee
Nashville

SIR:

I WANT TO COMMEND YOU ON THE OBJECTIVE COVER STORY ON NATIVE DANCER. IT IS RARE THAT THOROUGHBRED RACING IS FAVORED WITH SUCH ACCURATE COVERAGE.

J. SAMUEL PERLMAN
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

THE MORNING TELEGRAPH
DAILY RACING FORM
NEW YORK CITY

Sir:

... Over here, the Dancer's reputation had preceded him, and he was no stranger... There is an old saying here that "Everyone is equal both on and under the turf" (meaning that everyone is equal at the races

© The New York Herald Tribune's late racing expert (TIME, Nov. 10, 1951).

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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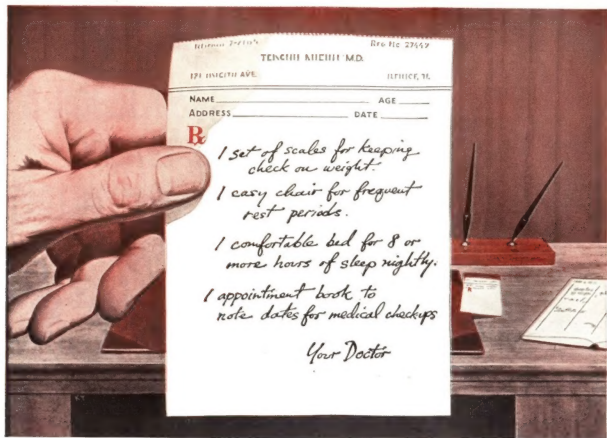
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A good "prescription" for HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE...

IF you are one of the several millions of Americans who have, or will have, the common, uncomplicated type of high blood pressure... or *hypertension*... your doctor will probably recommend a "prescription" like that shown above.

There are, of course, several drugs that may be helpful in treating high blood pressure, and others of promise are under study. In addition, special diets... for example, those in which salt is restricted... are often beneficial. Surgery, also, may be helpful when other measures fail.

Successful control of hypertension, however, still depends mostly on whether or not the patient learns to live on good terms with high blood pressure. For example, many victims can keep their blood pressure from

rising still higher... and may even lower it... simply by controlling their weight through proper eating habits.

Since the majority of people who develop high blood pressure are of the so-called "high-strung type," it is most important for them to learn to avoid *sustained* tension which tends to elevate blood pressure and perhaps keep it at an excessively high level. Avoiding tension usually involves a change in attitude and perspective toward what we must do, rather than ceasing or drastically curtailing normal activity.

Those suffering from hypertension should see their doctor for regular check-ups and treatment. This will enable the doctor to detect possible complications early, and to take steps to help correct them.

It is also wise for those who do *not* have hypertension to arrange for periodic health examinations, including a check on blood pressure. This is especially important for those who are *middle-aged* and *older*, are *overweight*, or have a *family history* of hypertension.

Did you ever hear the expression, "To live a long life, learn to saunter instead of gallop"? There's a lot of truth in it for everyone... especially for those with high blood pressure. In fact, many people today who have this ailment can expect to live long and useful lives simply by reducing the tension in everyday living.

Medical science is steadily increasing its knowledge of high blood pressure. Aiding in this work is the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 141 Life Insurance companies. Studies now in progress may reveal much about the underlying causes of hypertension, and supply other knowledge which could make treatment more effective.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York

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Insurance Company
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Please send me the free booklet, 854-T, "Your Heart."

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Don't worry*



*Call today
and be sure*

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

New York to Philadelphia	40¢
Indianapolis to St. Louis	65¢
Boston to Pittsburgh	95¢
Baltimore to Atlanta	\$1.05
Miami to San Francisco	\$2.00

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the new, lower federal excise tax.



and in the grave); it is probably this equality, together with the thrills and uncertainties of the sport itself, that makes it the most universal sport of all . . .

FINBARR M. SLATTERY

Asdee, County Kerry,
Ireland

SIR:

YOUR COVER JINK HAS ALWAYS BEEN EFFECTIVE BUT NEVER QUITE SO PROMPT AS IN THE CASE OF NATIVE DANCER. BY THE WAY, IN DANCER'S PEDIGREE YOU HAVE HIS PATERNAL GRAND DAM WRONG; THE DAM OF UNBREAKABLE IS IMPORTED BLUE GLASS, NOT BLUE GRASS.

THE EDITORS

THE THOROUGHBREED RECORD
LEXINGTON, KY.

Sir:

You state: "He (Native Dancer) has already matched the record of the great Man o' War—21 races, 20 victories—and he has more races to run." Native Dancer is now



Big Red's Monument

running as a four-year-old. Man o' War won all his races as a two- and three-year-old. The number is correct, but it has taken Native Dancer longer.

M. MILLER

Lexington, Ky.

Sir:
Re your equestrian cover: May I be one of the thousands who will ask how many times animals have graced the cover of TIME?

(CPL.) RICHARD S. COLE

U.S. Army
Fort Knox, Ky.

¶ Twelve: six horses, three dogs, two bulls, one seal.—Ed.

This Other Eden

Sir:

TIME'S André Laguerre's analysis of Britain's current foreign policy [May 31] seems more like what America would like to believe than a true explanation of the facts motivating Britain's stand. To say that Churchill is "old and feeble," his states of mind are "fitful," and that he borders on ineffectiveness, is poppycock . . . Laguerre's statement, "It was the Tories, not the Socialists, who advocated appeasement of Hitler," is a wonder. Does he mean the Socialists were for vigorous action at the time? Then, as now, the Socialists opposed rearmament and were, if anything, more of a peace party than the Tories . . . He ascribes [British] foreign policy to Churchill's senility, Eden's obsessive desire for the prime ministership, and the

*"I'm so glad
you called"*



*"She's much
better now"*

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Cleveland to Pittsburgh	45¢
Syracuse to Boston	70¢
Chicago to Washington	\$1.10
Philadelphia to Miami	\$1.35
Los Angeles to New York	\$2.00

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the new, lower federal excise tax.



NOW!

A POPULAR-PRICED, POCKET-SIZE PICTURE-IN-A-MINUTE CAMERA

New Polaroid HIGHLANDER Camera is thrifty... easy to use... light and compact... delivers beautiful, finished, lasting pictures in 60 seconds. This is the camera you've waited for!

Meet a brand new Polaroid Camera: The Highlander. Now, at much less cost than ever before, you can join the hundreds of thousands of owners who are already enjoying photography's greatest thrill — lifting a dry, finished picture right out of the camera, 60 seconds after you snap the shutter. Here are the facts:

LOW PICTURE COST

Your made-while-you-wait Highlander pictures will cost even less than ordinary snapshots! The new lower-priced film is all you buy. No chemicals to add, ever. And you don't have to expose a



whole roll, wastefully, to get one or two pictures... you get every print as you snap it. You don't take extra shots for fear your first won't come out.

AMAZINGLY EASY TO USE

Never before has it been so easy to get truly fine pictures. Just *drop in* the film, and the Highlander is loaded. No threading, no little red windows, no winding. Twist one dial, and the correct lens and shutter combination is automatically selected. No complicated "f" stops. And a new viewfinder frames picture exactly — comfortable even if you wear glasses.



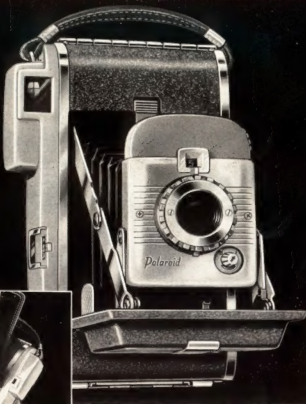
Pocket Size. Here's a camera so compact it will slip into your pocket. Yet so versatile it takes landscapes, close-ups, portraits or sport scenes — without a single extra gadget. And it's light! The perfect camera for women, too!



Copies and Enlargements easy to get. They're made directly from your prints quickly, inexpensively, by Polaroid's exclusive process. Jumbo copies (3¼" x 4½") or "name size" prints; your choice at some low price.



Flash Pictures? Now really easy. Flashgun clips on camera; no wires to plug in. Built-in exposure guide figures your settings for you automatically. All accessories are low priced, beautifully styled, and easy to use.



You'll See and Enjoy your pictures the minute you take them... not days later. There'll be no disappointments. If you're not pleased, you can shoot again while you still have the chance.

LASTING PICTURES

...from a brand new kind of 60-second film. It will give you the best pictures you've ever taken — each one backed by Polaroid's famous Guarantee: if you're ever dissatisfied with the results from any roll, send the prints to Polaroid and receive a new roll free!

PICTURES ARE TOP QUALITY

You get big, 2¾" x 3½" prints... the popular wallet-size. And they'll be beauties... sharper, crisper, on a new film five years in the making. Beginner? You'll advance fast for you'll see, on the spot, every chance for improvement. Professional? Now your dark-room moves outdoors. You'll crop and compose with just a quick retake. You'll know when you've caught those fleeting expressions. No more "dark-room widows"!

NOW THERE ARE THREE POLAROID CAMERAS

The new, low cost Highlander, at \$69.95 (as low as \$7 down), is but one of three fine Polaroid Land Cameras (named for Dr. Edwin H. Land, the inventor). Ask about their unequalled features at your photo store.

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Land Cameras

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— And ask about FREE HOME TRIAL Plan

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CARTONIST CAPP'S BALD IGGLE

appeasement elements of the Tory Party. The truth is that British foreign policy is as it is for the same reason American foreign policy was isolationist in 1939: the vast preponderance of the people want it that way.

W. J. REED

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Sir:

Your article on Anthony Eden, like *Punch's* cartoon, is grotesquely unfair... Are you really advocating a third world war as the only way out of our present difficulties—and if not, what other way do you suggest except Eden's?

CYRIL OSBORNE, M.P.

House of Commons
London

Sir:

I hope Sir Winston Churchill calls your London Bureau chief in and gives him a piece of his "old and feeble" mind...

N. J. RAINBOW

Toronto

Pure Slurvian

Sir:

TIME, May 24, reports that the BBC is concerned with the enunciation of some of its announcers. They needn't be. Our own *Tout* of the *Toten*, Ed Sullivan, has used nothing but pure Slurvian for years. As our leading exponent of Slurvian, Sullivan surpasses anything ever dreamed of by the BBC. To wit:

MERKRIES and LINKS—two cars advertised in his program.

AWYENCE—the people who attend his shows.

LAZENJELM—complimentary greeting to the awyence.

VERP—the continent east of us.

NITESTAYS OF MERKA—our country.

J. K. SHALLENBERGER

Long Beach, Calif.

On a South African Farm

Sir:

...Re "The Flogging of a Kaffir" [TIME, June 7]: Had your correspondent used a fraction of the diligence he showed in tracking down and recording an anonymous "Boer farmer's" comments on the case, he could not have failed to mention in passing the countless numbers of South Africans—both "Boer farmers" and others—in whom the crime aroused the same shocked views as those held by the trial judge.

CONRAD NORTON
Assistant Director

Union of South Africa
Government Information Office
New York City

To Tell the (Ugh!) Truth

Sir:

After watching, listening to and reading about the McCarthy-Stevens hearings, I have come to the conclusion that the only way we will ever get at the truth is to place one of Li'l Abner's "Bald Iggles" in a conspicuous place, where each witness must stare into those "sad, reproachful eyes that pierce souls."

MARY CARDEN

Elmira, N.Y.

¶ For Al Capp's version of the Slobbovian lie detector, see cut.—Ed.

Physicist in the Garden

Sir:

Professor Marcus Oliphant may be recognized as one of the top authorities on atomic physics, but every informed Christian will object to his view of The Fall of Man. Further, his observation that the morality of man has not improved over 5,000 years of recorded history [TIME, May 24] is good evidence that the natural "Ascent of Man" is a myth...

ROBERT H. REMMEY III

Tucson, Ariz.

Sir:

Atomic Physicist Oliphant, the new expert in faith and morals, has not even succeeded in siding with the Serpent. If he had bothered to study the story of the Garden of Eden... he would have discovered that his "tree of knowledge" is strangely missing. In its place he would have found a "tree of the knowledge of good and evil," quite a different species.

As a former physicist now turned clergyman, I can't see that Professor Oliphant knows a speck more about theology than most clergy know about physics.

(The Rev.) DON H. GROSS

St. Peter's Episcopal Church
Brentwood, Pa.

An Ocean Apart

Sir:

In the Art section of TIME's May 17 issue, you say that in the past six months the Museum of Modern Art has bought three paintings by Lithuanian Artist Vytautas Kasulis. This is inaccurate, as we do not own any works of art by this artist.

ELIZABETH SHAW
Publicity Director

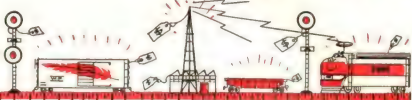
Museum of Modern Art
New York City

¶ TIME erred. The paintings were bought by Paris' Museum of Modern Art, not Manhattan's.—Ep.



\$50,000,000

shopping tour! *



During Western Pacific's 1949-1953 modernization program, \$53,179,955 (paid for out of earnings; NOT by the taxpayers) was spent to give shippers and passengers fast, efficient, dependable service. This is only twenty million dollars less than the cost of building and equipping the entire railroad in 1909 and is equivalent to \$48,767 for each mile of mainline track! This program will continue, for it is Western Pacific's policy to lead the way in the utilization of all important advancements in modern railroading.



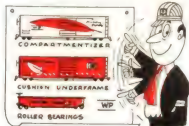
In 1952, Western Pacific became the first trans-continental railroad to replace all steam power with diesel-electric locomotives.



Western Pacific now has a larger percentage of mainline under Centralized Traffic Control than any other large Class 1 railroad in the United States.



To speed-up freight schedules, 30% of Western Pacific's mainline track between Oakland and Salt Lake City has been relaid with heavier rail, 40% has been rebalasted.



Western Pacific has pioneered in scientific freight handling by introducing such outstanding innovations as Compartmentizer and Cushion Underframe Cars.



For **SUPER SERVICE** all along the line, ship via Western Pacific



ROUTE OF THE VISTA-DOME CALIFORNIA ZEPHYR



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SAYS BRISTOL-MYERS EXEC.

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

If you're planning to travel abroad this summer, you may be interested to know that your copy of *TIME* will cost seven escudos in Portugal, ten piastres in Egypt, 100 fils in Iraq. Business Manager David Ryus has been telling me some fascinating facts about how these currencies and others like krus, dinars and pyas fit into the day-to-day operations of *TIME*'s International Editions. "We have a market for our magazine in 180 different countries," Ryus explained. "We sell *TIME* for kroner, drachmai, rials—about 120 currencies all told. Two of the newest mediums of exchange are the rupiah of Indonesia and the hwan of Korea."

Few of these odd currencies cross Ryus' desk directly, since normally *TIME* International subscription orders, paid for in local currencies, are cleared through branches of world banks, such as New York's National City, Holland's Amsterdamsche Bank, Italy's Banca Commerciale. There the money is converted and credited to *TIME*'s U.S. dollar account. "It's all pretty routine," says Ryus, "except when we get a barrelful of 'pazooties.'"

"Pazooties" are what the International staffers call any currency that fluctuates wildly in value or that cannot be converted into dollars. "In the first years after World War II, foreign currencies usually obeyed the law of gravity," says Ryus. "They always went down—they never went up. Take the Chinese currency, for example. When Mao Tse-tung's armies were overrunning China in 1946 and 1947, the value of the Chinese dollar plummeted overnight. In came a steady stream of cables asking, 'What do we price the magazine at today?' Originally, *TIME* in China cost 150 Chinese dollars (30¢ U.S.), but with the sharp devaluation of the coin, *TIME* was soon going for 30,000 dollars a copy and higher." Current price of *TIME* on For-

mosa: five Taiwan dollars (30¢ U.S.).

TIME circulates in many countries whose currencies cannot be directly converted to U.S. dollars but can be converted to still other currencies which *TIME* can use. On occasion, Ryus has considered some weird and wonderful schemes to realize at least some dollars from "pazooties." "I particularly remember one idea of several years ago—to soak up a whole pile of blocked Dutch guilders by buying cheeses and bringing them to the U.S. to sell," he said. "We finally decided that we ought to stick to publishing and leave the cheese business to



DAVID RYUS

the dairymen. But the research was fun—I've never eaten so much good cheese in all my life." Today the guilder is one of the world's strongest and most easily convertible currencies.

"Until recently," says Ryus, "I thought I had been born one generation too late. Before the first World War, most of the world's currencies were stable and interchangeable, and the

life of a business manager in international trade was comparatively simple. Then international finance went into a series of tailspins. In the last year or so, however, things have been easing up. 'Pazooties' are getting scarcer. Heads of state, who recognize the need for free trade in ideas, are doing all they can to help publications of all kinds circulate in their countries. Major currencies show signs of hardening. It may not be too long before the good old days return."

Ryus, a Stanford graduate, has been with *TIME* International since he left the Navy in 1947. As an officer on an ammunition ship and then on a joint-command ship, he learned about foreign currency the hard way—by taking part in five invasions.

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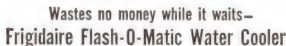
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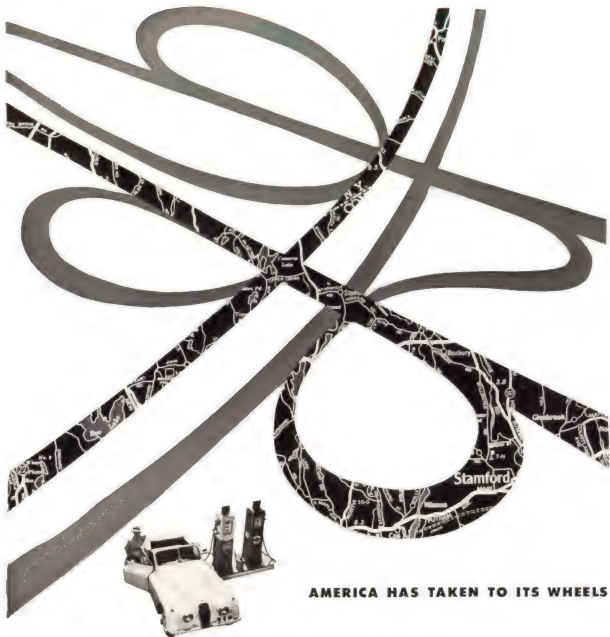
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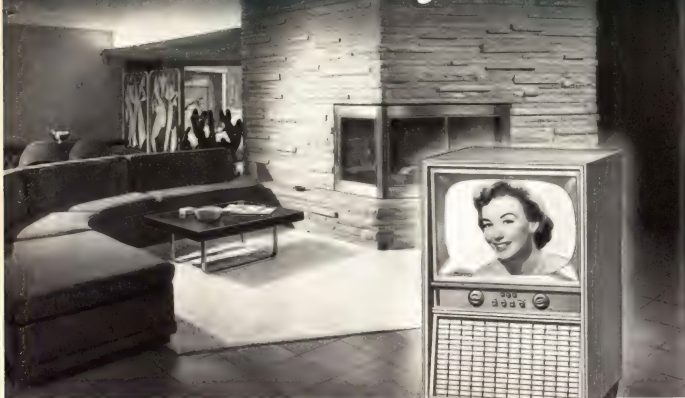
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Retreat

On the world stage it was a fretful and disappointing week for the U.S. and the other free nations. The disheartening events reached round the globe, from the conference rooms at Geneva to the battlefields of Indo-China, to the Pentagon and State Department in Washington, and back to the Palais-Bourbon in Paris.

In Indo-China the Communist Viet Minh forces were closing in on the key city of Hanoi. Top U.S. military men were resigned to the imminent fall of Hanoi, of the whole Red River delta and of all northern Indo-China. Any possibility of a U.S. effort to save the North had been abandoned. It was too late. At the Pentagon the discussion had turned to another kind of effort: how to evacuate the 300,000 non-Communist residents and troops in the area. This would require some 130 ships, would rival Dunkirk in its drama and scope.

In Geneva the ill-fated conference on Korea and Indo-China was close to an abortive end. Characteristically, the Communists had used the talking time to increase their military pressure in Indo-China and had refused to move a fraction of an inch toward a reasonable basis for negotiation with the West. Such fresh evidence of unrelenting Communist purpose should have driven the Western na-

tions closer together, but it had no such effect.

Instead, the fall of the Laniel government in Paris (see FOREIGN NEWS) knocked still another hole in the West's armor, and exposed weaknesses both in Europe and Asia.

Could the U.S. act to patch the hole? Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, in a series of speeches across the continent, laid down the five conditions for U.S. military intervention in Indo-China: 1) "an invitation from the present lawful authorities"; 2) "clear assurance of complete independence to Laos, Cambodia and Viet Nam"; 3) "evidence of concern by the United Nations"; 4) "a joining in the collective effort of some of the other nations of the area"; and 5) "assurance that France will not itself withdraw from the battle until it is won." No one really thought these conditions would be met. In effect, the U.S. thought northern Indo-China beyond repair.

The cold, cruel prospect is that the free world is close to another big retreat before Communism. To pretend that the Communist diplomatic and military gains are insignificant would be the worst kind of self-deceit. The U.S. can gain its greatest strength and unity if it clearly recognizes that the Communists are being appallingly successful, clearly understands that there is not much leeway left for further retreat.

THE PRESIDENCY

Campaign Fervor

As Dwight and Mamie Eisenhower stepped into the lobby of Washington's Statler Hotel one night last week, convention-attending members of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America (see MUSIC) broke into a serenade. Surprised and delighted, the President of the U.S. listened to *Keep America Singing*, waved his appreciation, and then moved on to the Presidential Room. There, 600 district leaders of the National Citizens for Eisenhower Congressional Committee, flashing big "Let's Back Ike" badges, gave him a wall-shaking welcome. This was the stuff campaigns are made of, and Dwight Eisenhower responded glowingly because he was, in fact campaigning.

The President's appearance was the result of a quick change in plans. Vice President Richard Nixon had been scheduled to speak that night; the President was to drop by for a few informal words the next day. But a 21-8 vote in the House Agriculture Committee against the Eisenhower farm plan prompted a presidential decision: he would use the occasion for a speech he had been readying for just such an impasse. Before the wildly sympathetic Citizens (he was interrupted 36 times), and before the



THE ROAD TO HANOI

The Pentagon talked of Dunkirk, the negotiators kept on talking, the Communists kept closing in.

David D. Duncan-Lynn

radio and television microphones and cameras, the President laid down a straight, hard pitch for his legislative program.

Partial Progress. First off, he told them that he was delighted that the Citizens for Eisenhower leaders had revived their 1952 campaign organization to get behind pro-Eisenhower candidates for Congress in the 1954 election. "The legislative program that you and I support," said he, "is . . . designed to protect our freedoms, to foster a growing, prosperous peacetime economy, and to fulfill the Government's obligations in helping solve the human problems of our citizenry." Despite "highly publicized distractions," the program has made considerable progress on Capitol Hill. Congress has moved appropriations bills faster than usual, has supported Administration moves to cut expenditures, has enacted a road-building

Flash of Strength. Then he turned to the hottest political issue of 1954: his farm program. The present farm law encourages production of great surpluses, prices some commodities out of the market, and costs the Federal Government \$30,000 every hour for storage alone, he declared. "Minority clamor," he said, has concealed the fact that a change from rigid to flexible price supports would affect less than one-fourth of farm income. "Circumstances are too critical" to permit a year's extension of rigid supports, as proposed by the House Agriculture Committee. Yet, said he, he had been told that it would not be good politics to change the farm program in this election year. "Now—I want to make this one point clear," he said, as he toughened his manner and slowed his speaking pace. "In this matter I am completely unmoved by ar-

THE CONGRESS

Sore Spot

The tenderest, sorest spot in the Eisenhower legislative program is the Administration's proposal for a short, one-year extension of the reciprocal-trade act. A year ago the White House settled for a one-year extension on the excuse that it needed time for more study of the problems of freer trade. Last fall the Randall Commission on Foreign Economic Policy began studying, came up with a program that President Eisenhower called a "minimum." It included a modest recommendation for a three-year extension of the reciprocal-trade act. Now, faced with opposition from the G.O.P. high-tariff bloc in Congress, the Administration has backed down, is asking for only a one-year extension—and more time for study.

Last week in the Senate, Democrats prodded the Republicans right in their economic sore spot. Said Tennessee's sharp-tongued Albert Gore: "Even though the Randall Commission made its report . . . and even though the President had made his recommendation to Congress, the high-protection group has won its first engagement without so much as a skirmish." The Democrats, said Gore, would save the day and append the full Eisenhower-Randall recommendations to the first suitable bill that came along.

But almost as soon as the headlines appeared, the Democrats proved that they didn't really mean it. When Chairman Dan Reed of the House Ways & Means Committee called the one-year bill up in the House, the Democrats made no effort to tack on a three-year amendment. The short-term bill whooped through. 281 to 53. Prospects were that it would sail through the Senate too, where Democrats—including Gore—seemed content to rest on their propaganda victory.

THE ATOM

Oppenheimer Case, Contd.

The specially convened Atomic Energy Commission security board which found Physicist Robert Oppenheimer a security risk (TIME, June 14) also realized that Dr. Oppenheimer's fellow scientists might rise up to contest the verdict. In anticipation the board majority warned: "If scientists should believe that such a decision . . . however distasteful with respect to an individual, must be applicable to [the] whole profession, they misapprehend their own duties and obligations as citizens."

By last week it was clear that the scientific fraternity, always touchy about the Oppenheimer case, chose to ignore the warning. First the ramblous Federation of American Scientists attacked "the dangers and the bitter fruits of a security system which is now motivated more by the risks of politics than the risks of disclosure of information." Then the more restrained American Physical Society (whose membership includes nearly all U.S. nuclear physicists) warned that the decision "will have an adverse



CAMPAIGNER EISENHOWER
What's good for America is good politics.

program, has cut excise taxes, authorized the St. Lawrence Seaway, and approved a mutual-security treaty with the Republic of Korea.

"But," said the President firmly, "much still remains [undone] that is of vital significance to every American citizen." Still pending: bills to accomplish a fairer distribution of the tax burden, broaden unemployment insurance and social security, improve housing conditions and strengthen the internal security net. Said the President, aiming at would-be security watchdogs on Capitol Hill: "Scarcely need I assure such an audience as this that I—and my every associate in Government—will keep everlastingly at the job of uprooting subversion wherever it may be found. My friends, I do not believe that I am egotistical when I say that I believe that every American believes at least that about me." His audience responded with a campaign-hot roar.

guments as to what constitutes good or winning politics. And may I remark that, though I have not been in this political business very long, I know that what is right for America is politically right."

The crowd roared at this flash of Ike's greatest political strength, i.e., his ability to combine honest partisanship with a nonpolitical appeal. When he had finished talking, he got a standing ovation. Then the voice of Marty Snyder, General Eisenhower's World War II mess sergeant, brayed through the hall: "Who are we going to elect in 1956?" Roared the crowd: "Ike!" Dwight Eisenhower grinned broadly.⁹

⁹ Next day Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams provided new confusion about 1956. He told the Citizens meeting that there are "three conditions" that might cause Eisenhower to retire at the end of one term. He named only one—the loss of Congress to the Democrats in the November elections. Said he enigmatically: "The other two will come along later."

effect upon the utilization of scientists in Government."

In the New York Times Magazine, the Carnegie Institution's respected President Vannevar Bush, onetime chairman of the Pentagon's Research and Development Board, decried the whole spirit of the inquiry: "In looking at the scene, scientists generally see only slightly concealed an inclination to exclude anyone who does not conform completely to the judgment of those who in one way or another have acquired authority."

This week the New York Times's James Reston reported that AEC General Manager Kenneth Nichols, after reviewing the findings, had used even stronger language than the security board's report, as he passed the Oppenheimer case along to the five AEC commissioners for final action.

For the Record

News Columnist Drew Pearson wrote last week that Atomic Energy Commission meetings, once enlivened by "fascinating philosophical discussions" on the future of atomic power, now are "ice cold, stiff and edgy." The reason, reported Pearson, is that AEC chairman Lewis Strauss uses a recording machine at meetings, and his security officers have clamped taps on the telephone wires of other AEC members. The result, as Pearson said it, produced fear-muffled commissioners, who are reluctant to voice opinions lest their words some day be turned against them.

In the Senate, Iowa's Bourke B. Hickenlooper, one of the original members of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, rose to defend his friend Lewis Strauss, and in so doing disclosed a little news himself about what Strauss found when he took over the AEC chairmanship.

"The facts are," said Hickenlooper, "that when Admiral Strauss took office as chairman . . . he had a search made of the chairman's office and of other places in the commission . . . He found that the offices were wired for recording. Within a few days of that discovery, he had the recording equipment and system ripped out of the office. He announced that there would be no secret recordings as long as he was chairman . . . I was in his office about four days after he assumed his duties. I saw the places where the secret recording devices had been installed . . . I am [also] completely convinced and satisfied that there is no secret tapping of the telephones . . ." (Strauss found the device in a decorative fireplace after brushing his knee against its cut-in switch under his desk.)

Hickenlooper could not resist adding a comment born of ten years' experience in Washington: "I think it is ominous . . . when those who decry methods of insinuation and the blasting of characters and reputations on the part of others, themselves use such innuendo and unfounded rumor as the truth in their attempts to attack those whom they do not personally like and whom they would like personally to destroy."

INVESTIGATIONS

The Witness

The long-awaited event was an anticlimax. By the time Joe McCarthy raised a broad right hand and took the witness' oath at midweek, the suspicions, facts, hunches, charges and countercharges had been so well chewed over in seven weeks of hearings that not a morsel of fresh meat remained. On Committee Counsel Ray Jenkins' invitation to draw upon his "knowledge and experience," McCarthy first gave a lengthy lecture on Communist Party organization and tactics, amply illustrated for TV viewers by a large map (which Joe acknowledged was four years out of date).

Under cross-examination, McCarthy in turn was arrogant, conciliatory and forgetful ("Don't tie me down to dates").



COUNSEL WELCH
At long last, enough.

He played down his differences with Army Secretary Stevens and Army Counselor John Adams, whom he had once tarred as blackmailers. Stevens, said Joe, is "a very honest individual [who] got mousetrapped in the very rough politics played down here." Of Adams he said tolerantly, at one point: "I wouldn't want to accuse him of perjury . . . John is badly mistaken." Even the McCarthy charge that Stevens and Adams had sought to sidetrack the McCarthy committee investigations of the Army by offering "dirt" on the Air Force and Navy was airily dismissed. "They were offering the information which any loyal American should get."

Had Senator McCarthy tried to have Dave Schine assigned to New York? On this point McCarthy flatly and directly contradicted Stevens' previous testimony.

Counsel Ray Jenkins: Do you recall that Mr. Stevens . . . swore under his oath . . . that you asked him to assign Dave Schine to the New York area . . . ?

McCarthy: He is in error on that.
Jenkins: Did you or did you not make such a request of the Secretary . . . ?

McCarthy: No.

McCarthy insisted that neither he nor his staff—including Roy Cohn—had used pressure to get Schine a special assignment. Why, then, asked Jenkins, had McCarthy cautioned the Army not to give Schine special treatment? Said Joe: the Army itself had, "on some instances," brought the Schine matter up. Another reason was that "the Communist liners started to loose their attack," charging McCarthy-Cohn intervention on Schine's behalf. The attacks, he recalled, came from Columnist Drew Pearson—"one of the greatest Communist-line smearers that I know"—and Columnists Joseph and Stewart Alsop.

All in all, Witness McCarthy seemed more than content to forgive old enemies and sting new ones. Again and again he needed Democrat Stuart Symington for talking over the Army v. McCarthy problem with Clark Clifford, onetime counsel for President Truman (TIME, June 14). McCarthy slurred at Symington as "Sanctimonious Stu," and once remarked: "I'm glad we're on television [so] millions of people . . . can see how low an alleged man can sink." Symington replied: "You'd better go to a psychiatrist."

The new directions of attack seemed to indicate that McCarthy, in his own fantastic way, was trying for some kind of happy ending in the Republican family. In one sense, he hit a responsive chord, for as far as all Republicans were concerned, any ending would be happier than a prolongation of the agony.

The Gauge of Recklessness

What will probably be remembered as the most memorable scene of the McCarthy-Army hearings occurred on the 30th day. Army Counsel Joseph Welch was winding up his dogged cross-examination of Roy Cohn when Joe McCarthy caressed the McCarthy cheek with the stem of his glasses and commandeered the microphone for what sounded like just another diversion. As McCarthy got rolling, Welch sat bolt upright and stared unbelievably at the man just six feet away across the table. The packed room hushed; Roy Cohn grimaced toward McCarthy, shook his head, and his lips seemed to form the words "No! No!"

Without any warning or relevancy, McCarthy interjected the name of Fred Fisher, 32, an associate in Welch's Boston law firm, Hale & Dorr. Fisher, said McCarthy, "has been for a number of years" a member of the National Lawyers Guild, "the legal bulwark of the Communist Party." Welch, he went on, had tried to get Fisher hired as "the assistant counsel for this committee" so Fisher would have a chance to be "looking over the secret and classified material."

When McCarthy had finished his harangue and turned to his paper-shuffling, Welch slowly and with great sadness spoke up: "Until this moment, Senator, I think



REPUBLICANS DWORSHAK, POTTER, DIRKSEN, JENKINS & MUNDT
Collectively, a sad face indeed.

I never really gauged your cruelty and your recklessness."

Fisher, said Welch, had indeed belonged to the Lawyers Guild while a law-school student and for some months thereafter. He had indeed been chosen to help prepare the Army's case, but it was never suggested (as Chairman Mundt verified) that he work for the committee. Fisher is now a leader of the Newton, Mass. Republican Club, but when he told Welch of the Lawyers Guild incident before the hearings began, said Welch, "I asked him to go back to Boston. Little did I dream you could be so reckless and so cruel as to do an injury to that lad . . . I fear he shall always bear a scar needlessly inflicted by you. If it were in my power to forgive you for your reckless cruelty, I will do so. I like to think I am a gentle man, but your forgiveness will have to come from someone other than me."

"Let us assassinate this lad no further. You have done enough. Have you no sense of decency, sir? At long last have you left no sense of decency? If there is a God in heaven, it will do neither you nor your cause any good . . ."

There was a moment of profound silence, then a roll of thunderous applause, Chairman Mundt, who had always curbed such outbreaks, let the applause run its course as McCarthy stared in blank surprise. When the uproar had subsided, Joe Welch, face drained white, rose from the committee table, silently walked past McCarthy and out into a corridor where he stood alone, dabbing at his eyes with a handkerchief.

A Few Scars

The end of the McCarthy-Army hearings finally seemed at hand. What damage or good had they caused? The original charges and countercharges had become all but secondary issues, and, with the testimony largely in, they could easily be disposed of:

¶ Did Senator McCarthy and his chief counsel, Roy Cohn, try to get favored

treatment for Private David Schine? Despite McCarthy's denials (see above), most TV-viewers would agree that they did. They would also agree that for a sickeningly long time, Army Secretary Stevens went out of his way to accommodate McCarthy and Cohn.

¶ Did the Army try to stop McCarthy's investigation of security risks at Fort Monmouth? Clearly, it did; both Stevens and Army Counselor John Adams admitted that they were anxious to get that "type" of hearing called off, because McCarthy's investigations and extravagant charges were demoralizing the Army.

¶ Did the Army use Schine as a "hostage"? Not proved; once he was in service, the Army never threatened to abuse or discriminate against him, instead treated him with kid gloves.

¶ Did the Army try to "blackmail" McCarthy out of his investigations by publishing its report on the Schine case? Not proved.

But the real effect of the hearings cut a hundred ways from these detailed charges. Politically, it damaged the Republican Party's prestige across the U.S. Reason; both the "good guys" and the "bad guys" were Republicans. Secretary Stevens, as the Administration's chief warrior, won sympathy as an earnest, long-suffering gentleman, but lost respect, perhaps irrevocably, when he told to what lengths he had gone to accommodate McCarthy, Cohn and Schine. Counselor Adams, the genial fixer, emerged as a sly fighter, but one whom Roy Cohn thought he could outwit—and nearly did.

On the congressional side of the argument, the face of the G.O.P.—as TV saw it—was a sad face indeed. Its composite features: genial Chairman Mundt, the "tormented mushroom"; Illinois orator Everett Dirksen ("Old Bear Grease"); Idaho's Henry Dworshak, who didn't know when he was being insulted; Michigan's well-meaning but generally ineffective Potter; and, of course, McCarthy.

If the Republicans were hurt, the Dem-

ocrats were probably helped. They made the most of their tactical position wherein they had nothing to lose by demanding all the facts. During lunch-hour recesses, John McClellan, the old Arkansas buzzard, whispered and joked on the Senate floor with the coach, Democratic Leader Lyndon Johnson.

Back at the hearings, he called the signals for his two committee colleagues, Washington's Henry ("Scoop") Jackson and Missouri's Stuart Symington. Occasionally, Jackson got out of hand by worrying a point to death; Symington was caught with his monitored telephone calls showing, and probably gained nothing from his wrangling with McCarthy. But John McClellan saw to it that the net Democratic effect was to the good.

Smear & Evasion. Far beyond politics, the central issue was the effect the hearings would have on McCarthy's influence in the Senate, in the Administration and in the nation. It might be years before this would be precisely measured, but already most of the U.S. was inclined to view McCarthy's legendary, shadowy power through the unimpressive shades of black & white television. Only a confirmed minority cast him as a dauntless fighter, chipping away singlehanded at the forces of conspiracy and ignorance.

Most televisioners saw not an embattled hero but an impetuous and indiscriminate attacker, who vented his fury on friends and bystanders no less than on his vaguely defined enemies. Having smeared, he impugned smear to others; having side-tracked, he bewailed diversion; having deceived, he charged deception. If he had once been a potential leader in the Republican Party, he now had clearly demonstrated that he lacked the self-discipline necessary in any political organization. If he had once been an effective Communist hunter, the effectiveness was now seriously damaged because he had revealed the nature of his own character.

During the hearings he confounded his own attack. He started out against Ste-

vens and Army Counselor Adams. Later he dragged in Assistant Defense Secretary Hensel (admitting last week that he had assumed Hensel's implication by "adding two and two"), and then hinted that Deputy Attorney General William Rogers was the guilty party. Finally, he charged that he was the victim of a Democratic scheme, masterminded by Harry Truman's onetime counsel, Clark Clifford. By frequently shifting his target, McCarthy revealed his own lack of conviction in his charges.

Judge & Jury. By aiming his fire, for the nonce, away from Republicans and towards Democrats, McCarthy seemed to be luring the party leaders back to their old hope that he might be a good, useful party sharpshooter after all. When Vermont's Ralph Flanders introduced a motion in the Senate to remove McCarthy from committee chairmanships, Senate Majority Leader Bill Knowland told him it was a "mistake," pleading that it might "completely block" the legislative program. A top G.O.P. adviser stated the Administration's cautious new policy: "We'll watch everything McCarthy does and when he's reasonable and behaving like a Senator, we'll cooperate."

At week's end Joe McCarthy flew out to the Wisconsin state Republican convention and told its cheering delegates that he would continue his tactics, "even if I leave a few scars on my own party." The scars on the party were already there for all to see. It was now up to the party to see that none would be left on the U.S. body politic.

POLITICAL NOTES

"If I Had Been Bitten . . ."

Since the day Ray Jenkins first flashed onto the nation's television screens as committee counsel in the Army-McCarthy hearings, his home state of Tennessee has buzzed with talk about his political future. What the Knoxville lawyer turn out to be a good candidate to run for the U.S. Senate this year against Democrat Estes Kefauver? Last week Tennessee Republicans filed petitions qualifying Jenkins as a candidate in the Aug. 5 G.O.P. primary, and the Republican state executive committee unanimously shouted through a resolution asking and urging him to run.

In Washington, where his boxerlike countenance has become as much a part of the scenery as the Capitol cupola, Jenkins rumbled revealingly: "I walked out of the caucus room a little while ago, signed autographs for 30 minutes and was assured by quite a substantial group that they are interested in my continuing public service to this country as a Senator. If I had been bitten by the political bug and really desired to enter politics and quit private life, I should say the messages and communications I have received would be most encouraging." Translated freely from the Jenkinsese, this meant that Jenkins 1) has been bitten, and 2) probably will run.

New Odds in Wyoming

The G.O.P. has always been bothered by the sheer cussedness of Wyoming voters. Although basically Republican, they have the Westerner's weakness for personalities, never hesitate to vote for genial and able Democrats. Last week Republican prospects soared when one of Wyoming's best-liked and most able Democrats, U.S. Senator Lester C. Hunt, 61, announced that he would not run for reelection for reasons of health.

After Hunt's announcement, Republican Congressman William H. Harrison, 58, grandson of President William Henry Harrison, filed for the office and became the best bet for the G.O.P. nomination. Harrison (now serving his second term in the House) has been unusually good at keeping his fences mended and running errands for folks back home. He had wanted to sidestep an election fight with popular Lester Hunt, but with the Senator out of action, Harrison, like all Wyoming Republicans, was suddenly feeling tough and cocky.

"Rep." & "Dem."

For 40 years primary elections in California have been colossal exercises in political confusion. Under a cross-filing law adopted in 1913, Republicans and Democrats filed freely in each other's primaries, and the voters could never tell from the ballot which candidate came from what party. As a result, many a candidate said as little as possible about his party affiliation, and won both sides of the primary. Last week Californians went to the polls under a new primary law and set a different pattern.

Under the new law, candidates must be labeled ("Rep." or "Dem.") on all primary ballots. Thus a Republican running in the Democratic primary is clearly rec-

ognizable as an interloper, as is a Democrat in a G.O.P. primary. In 1952, under the old law, 14 candidates won both nominations for the U.S. House of Representatives. Last week, under the new law, only two scored double victories. In 1950 four candidates for top state offices won both nominations. Last week only one—vote-getting Attorney General Pat Brown, the only Democrat holding a major state office—was able to do so. U.S. Senator Thomas Kuchel and Governor Goodwin J. Knight, Republicans, failed to match the double primary victories of Governor Earl Warren in 1946 and U.S. Senator William Knowland in 1952.

Sponsored by Democrats, the new law proved to be a boon to its sponsors. For a reason no one has adequately explained, Republicans have won more dual nominations than Democrats under the old law, although Democrats have a 3-2 edge in registrations. This time Democrats campaigned hard. Their best slogan: "Don't let two million Republicans fool three million Democrats." For the first time in 40 years Democrats were able to nominate a full slate of their own candidates.

But the figures were not clear cause for Democratic jubilation. Republicans generally did far better on the Democratic ballot than Democrats did on the G.O.P. ticket, and the Republicans' total two-party vote was substantially higher. For governor, the count was: on the Republican ticket, well-known Republican Knight 1,083,733, little-known Democrat Richard Graves 104,683; on the Democratic ticket, Graves 791,777, Knight 667,375. The primary results indicated that the dual primary victories will become a rarity, but they did not show that the G.O.P. was losing its grip in California. Best proof Knight's two-party total was the largest primary vote ever cast for a candidate for governor.

Among other notable results:

¶ In the Sixth Congressional District (northeast of Berkeley), Democratic Representative Robert L. Condon was renominated, although he had been 1) barred from an atom-bomb test in Nevada last year by the Atomic Energy Commission as a "security risk," and 2) disowned by the Democratic National Committee.

¶ In Los Angeles Mrs. Mildred Younger, 33, the "glamour girl" of the 1952 G.O.P. National Convention (where she seconded the nomination of Earl Warren), was nominated as the Republican candidate for the state senate, where no woman has ever served. A former model and fashion writer, Mrs. Younger is the wife of Municipal Judge Evelle Younger, has a ten-year-old son. (A second son died of polio in 1947; Mrs. Younger herself survived a nine-month siege of polio in 1951.) She believes she won the primary on "a moral issue." The man she defeated, State Senator Jack Tenney, onetime chairman of the California Un-American Activities Committee, the violently anti-Semitic 1952 vice-presidential candidate on the Christian Nationalist ticket.



CANDIDATE YOUNGER
 Glamour, plus an issue.



CANDIDATE ROOSEVELT & CONSTITUENTS
He answered the unspoken question.

Victory for Jimmy

In running for Congress in California, Jimmy Roosevelt had to overcome almost as many problems as a soap-opera heroine. To begin with, he had to make a political comeback; in 1950 he had been beaten by more than 1,000,000 votes by Earl Warren for governor. This time he 1) faced nine candidates, 2) was repudiated by Democratic National Chairman Steve Mitchell, and 3) was, of course, dogged everywhere by his famed signed letter in which he confessed to adultery with nine women.

Instead of risking large, outdoor audiences—and hecklers—Jimmy wisely decided to put on a parlor campaign in Los Angeles' 26th District,⁶ and apply the Roosevelt personality indoors at close range. He asked good Democrats to open their homes to him and they did, five or six times daily. At cozy meetings, attended largely by neighborhood housewives, Jimmy drank coffee and served up charm along with his political pitch. He knew what the assembled ladies would be thinking about. So a lesser candidate would carefully bring up the subject, and suggest that everyone would like to hear Jimmy's side of the story. Then Jimmy would explain gently that his wife had blackmailed him into signing an untrue confession. If pressed, he would add: "To me, public life is a profession. If you were going to seek medical advice, you wouldn't ask the doctor about his private life. You would simply pick the best doctor."

Last week his *Kuffeklatzsch-and-candor*

campaign paid off with a 6-to-1 victory in the Democratic primary. Jimmy is almost sure to win in November, unless, as often happens in soap operas, the problems pile up again.

Hopes for Frank

At 22, Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. said: "I positively will not go into politics." Last week, at 30, young F.D.R. (Frank to his friends) bid for the nation's second biggest political job: governor of New York. His announcement was no surprise; his father had stepped into the governorship (at 46) before stepping up to the White House, and Junior is trying out Father's footsteps for size.

Franklin Jr. not only has his father's name, he has his looks, voice and sweeping self-assurance. He is already taking instruction two nights a week (7 p.m. to midnight) on the problems of Albany. He has won little distinction in five years as a Congressman (and as 1952 campaign manager for Averell Harriman), but he has picked up so much political know-how that he very nearly has the gubernatorial nomination wrapped up.

Since January he has been visiting every one of New York's 62 counties to gladhand upstate Democrats long neglected by the party's New York City wheels. Almost everywhere the old Roosevelt magic worked; in Batavia, with 1,767 registered Democrats, 424 bought tickets to hear a dinner speech and hundreds more were turned away. By last week he had picked up 200 upstate delegates; he expected to have the full majority of 510 (out of 1,018) by the Sept. 21 nominating convention.

There could be one big hitch in the plans: New York City's five counties alone have 512 votes, mostly controlled by Tammany and Mayor Robert F. Wagner Jr. Like F.D.R. Jr., Wagner wants to follow a father's tracks—in his case, to the U.S. Senate. Wagner may decide that the best route to Washington runs

through Albany, as it did for Senator Herbert Lehman. Or he might be persuaded to run by those New York Democrats who feel that Junior is just plain poison. But, as of last week, the chances were that in November young Roosevelt would be the candidate, running against the man his father beat for the presidency: New York's Governor Thomas E. Dewey.

Dissent from John

John Roosevelt, youngest (38) of the Roosevelt boys and the only Republican among them, turned up in Washington to plead for election of a Republican Congress. John, now a California-New York businessman (cosmetics, packaging), told the Citizens for Eisenhower that he would "go to hell" for Ike. He reported that he had asked his "favorite Democrat"—his mother—how to get Democratic support for G.O.P. congressional candidates this fall. "Her reply," he said, "was hardly suitable for this meeting."

Nominations by the Clock

Since everyone in Massachusetts knew that blue-blooded Senator Leverett Saltonstall and Governor Christian Herter would be endorsed for re-election, Republicans meticulously printed a timetable ("10 a.m. come to order, 10:50 a.m. nominate Herter . . .") for their pre-primary convention. Last week, as the convention met at Worcester, both Saltonstall and Herter were nominated only minutes before scheduled, and the convention fell behind the clock badly only once because of a squabble over a nomination for state treasurer.

Such Republican precision contrasted sharply with the hectic Democratic convention at Worcester the week before. It took the Democrats twelve hours and five ballots to nominate State Representative Robert F. Murphy for governor. For Senator they took only one ballot to endorse State Treasurer Foster Furcolo, who carried two distinctions: 1) a onetime favorite of Americans for Democratic Action, he had repudiated A.D.A.; and 2) although his mother came from Ireland, his Italian name violated the Massachusetts Democratic orthodoxy that senatorial candidates should have an Irish name.

Herter is expected to beat Murphy hands down next fall. But Saltonstall has reason to be worried about fast-rising Foster Furcolo.

LABOR

Doubtful Peace

At well-publicized ceremonies in Washington last week, A.F.L. President George Meany and C.I.O. President Walter Reuther got 65 A.F.L. and 29 C.I.O. unions to sign a no-raiding agreement that calls for arbitration of jurisdictional disputes. Although Reuther and Meany grinned for the cameras and predicted that the A.F.L. and C.I.O. would join forces before the pact expires (December 1955), the peace pact was almost worthless. Reason: non-signers included Dave Beck, whose pow-

* After the 1950 census, California's Republican legislature reexamined the 26th (see cut) to make it overwhelmingly Democratic and turn four adjoining districts into Republican strongholds. The 26th now has 1,000,000 registered Democrats, 75,805 Republicans.



erful A.F.L. Teamsters openly lay claim to 50,000 men in rival unions, and Dave McDonald, president of the C.I.O. United Steelworkers, who has his eye on A.F.L. aluminum and shipping workers, and, as much as he might like labor unity, dislikes Walter Reuther more.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Possibilities for Friction

The only way the West can win the cold war, said Spanish Dictator Francisco Franco in an interview with Newspaper Editor Roy Howard last week, is to slap an immediate embargo on all trade with Russia and her satellites. Franco's proposal found informal support in a surprising place: among the Far Eastern experts in the U.S. State Department.

In Asia, their argument runs, an embargo would really hurt. "Take China," said one specialist. "A large amount of her industry is based on British and U.S. machinery installed before the Communists took over. China needs parts and replacements for those industrial units. Cut off all exports to Communist countries and China wouldn't be able to get such replacements, nor would her Communist allies be able to get them for her."

"China would probably turn for help to Russia, or possibly East Germany or Czechoslovakia. Possibly they could meet the Chinese requests. But in meeting those requests, the Russians or Germans or Czechs would have to devote time and manpower and raw materials to the Chinese, thus affecting their own industrial programs. Under such circumstances, we think frictions would . . . develop."

State's policymakers for Europe are more cautious. They are inclined to agree with Foreign Operations Administrator Harold Stassen, who claims that European allies like Britain, France and Germany must be able to trade behind the Iron Curtain if their economies are to be kept healthy. To this the Far Eastern experts reply: "We are not positive that such tightened blockades would aggravate Communist troubles, but we think that such a course offers more possibility of developing friction among Communist countries than will ever be developed by trading with them."

ORGANIZATIONS

The Joiners

In the literary world of the '20s and '30s, the most comical character on the U.S. scene was the hale & hearty joiner who slapped his fellow businessmen on the back at service-club luncheons and addressed total strangers as "Tom," "Dick" or "Harry." Sinclair Lewis called him "Babbitt." H. L. Mencken called him "boob," and many another writer dismissed him simply as "a Rotarian."

Last week, as nearly 9,000 Rotarians gathered in Seattle for the 45th annual convention of the world's largest service club, a back or two was certainly slapped. Total strangers called each other by their

first names without let or hindrance. But the names were called in accents that ranged from the flat twang of the Western plains through Teutonic gutturals and mellifluous Urdu to the cool precision of Oxford English. And they weren't all Tom and Harry. There were Karls and Kims and Bonges and Phyas and Mohammed Alis and Yoshinoris and Joaquins and Chaunceys as well. Their identification tags bore legends as disparate as "Funeral Director, Waxahachie, Texas" and "Medicine, Wagga Wagga, Australia."

A Good Proposition. Rotary International, like the other U.S. service clubs (Lions, Kiwanis, Exchange, etc.), was founded with the simple idea of giving plain but often circumscribed businessmen a chance to meet and make friends. It embodied no high-flown phrases. One of the four founding fathers, a tailor, admitted frankly that "the idea of my making a lot of new friends—who presumably would be working overtime to get people to come and have their clothes made at my place—struck me as a pretty good proposition." As the club has expanded to include some 300,000 members in 80 countries, the underlying principle is still the same one of friendship and understanding.

Last week no less a diplomat than Secretary of State John Foster Dulles traveled to Seattle to acknowledge Rotary's influence. "You are here," he said, "because you share ideals in common." Tall, short, thin, fat, balding or bearded, none of the Rotarians seemed to care a fig for political hairsplitting. There were no thundering denunciations from the speaker's platform, no thinly veiled politi-

cal polemics, no sweeping resolutions. "We do not believe," said Rotary International Secretary George Means, "in resolving about anything unless we can do something about it."

Pretty Much the Same. From all over the world came reports that Rotary was doing things. Often, what it did seemed so puny as to be almost insignificant in the vast sweep of world affairs. It had, for instance, brought 57 young students from 18 nations to study together in Sweden. It organized a blood-bank program in war-torn Korea. It sent a young Pakistani to make friends in Washington's Yakima Valley. It is sponsoring an international network of radio hams. Its magazines had kept Rotarians in Kenya, Viet Nam and Trieste posted on the activities of their fellows in Ceylon, Wichita and Sioux City.

It had even done something, in its quiet way, about Joe McCarthy's overblown reputation overseas. Jim Watchurst, of Warrington, England, remarked: "When we in Warrington hear of Wisconsin, U.S.A., we do not think of the junior Senator but of Bob Linse, the Rotary-sponsored student at our University of Manchester."

What did all this prove? "I've found," answered Rotary's newly inducted President Herbert J. Taylor, an aluminum man from Chicago, "that Rotary Clubs the world over are pretty much the same whether they are in Bangkok or Boise. Rotary provides something that is unique: a common bond between different peoples." And that, in the context of a dark gloomy day for diplomacy, was something to slap a back about.



ROTARIANS IN CONVENTION AT SEATTLE
They destroyed an ancient legend.

NEWS IN PICTURES



Not Etc.—New York Herald Tribune

BATTER UP: Bernard Baruch takes his cut in a softball game with Catcher Adlai Stevenson and Umpire Harold Russell of

World Veterans Federation. Game preceded Long Island party given by Alfred Vanderbilts for 30 veterans from 22 nations.



Copyright

FALLEN GUARDSMAN, looking like a toppled lead soldier, fainted during rehearsal of Trooping the Color ceremony. Officer resumed his position in scarlet ranks moments later.



BOGOTA STREET CORNER became bloody angle (11 dead, 30 wounded) when army opened fire on demonstrating students marching on Colombia's presidential palace (see HEMISPHERE).

FOREIGN NEWS

GENEVA

Bitter Facts

"Why all the fuss?" asked France's Georges Bidault wearily, as he entrained from Geneva to face a hostile assembly in Paris. "When the game is over, why not merely say so?"

The man who blew the whistle was Russia's Molotov. Ever since he returned from Moscow ten days before, he had dropped his role of forbearing arbiter and become once again the familiar aggressive antagonist. Observers suspected that he had learned in Moscow the only thing he wanted to know: the U.S. was not going to intervene in Indo-China. Last week Molotov got confirmation from the highest sources. Secretary of State Dulles said that the U.S. "has no intention of dealing with the Indo-China situation unilaterally"; that it was up to the French, and that there were no plans for asking Congress to act. President Eisenhower, who had once called Indo-China the cork in the bottle, said that without the proper psychological and political foundation, there was no sense in merely using up resources in some local battle. If uncertainty over U.S. intentions had been the only deterrent to Communist demands, it was a deterrent no longer.

In a plenary session called at his request, Molotov bided his time while Bi-

dault argued, with an eye on Paris, that the conference had achieved "some appreciable results," notably its acceptance of the French plea to discuss a military cease-fire before going into the interminable difficulties of a political settlement. Then Molotov spoke.

He was abusive, arrogant, mocking. Clearly intending to bring down the Laniel government, he complained of Bidault's "refusal or evasion of negotiations" with the Viet Minh itself, taunted him with the cost to France in men and money of a "colonial war." He charged that the Bao Dai government had no popular support. He claimed that the Communists already controlled three-quarters of Viet Nam, half of Laos, a smaller but increasing part of Cambodia. As for Dienbienphu, "Who can deny that the defense of Dienbienphu was in the main carried out not by the French and the Vietnamese but by all kinds of foreigners gathered there?"

Then Molotov deliberately demolished all Bidault's hopes for a quick cease-fire. The conference must "examine without further delay the political questions," said Molotov blandly. These should include, "first of all, 'the granting of sovereignty' to all three Indo-Chinese states, the holding of 'free elections' in each, and the withdrawal of all 'foreign' troops. Political discussion, he said, should be parallel with the military, and should be conducted

by "direct contact between the representatives of both sides"—an arrangement that would force recognition of the bogus and largely nonexistent "liberation" movements of both Laos and Cambodia.

Angrily, Bidault snapped that Molotov's remarks were "not couched in decent fashion." Retorted Molotov: "I don't think anyone can attack facts, even though they are bitter facts."

Dead Hopes. The bitter facts were that Molotov had killed all hope that the Communists would settle for a cease-fire or a partition of Viet Nam alone. Molotov was demanding all of Indo-China—and on the Communists' own terms. Next day China's Chou En-lai echoed Molotov's every word, rejected the West's plea for an impartial commission of Southeast Asia neutrals, insisted, like Molotov, on settling political issues before a truce was signed. Bedell Smith flung in his face one of Chou's own dictums, spoken in 1945: "Truce is the military counterpart of the political tactic of coalition government. It is a means to an end, not the ultimate objective."

After two days of Communist arrogance, even the doggedly hopeful Anthony Eden was disillusioned—at long last. "We have exhausted every expedient of procedure which we could devise," he admitted sadly. "But if the positions remain as they are today, then it is our clear duty to say so to the world and to admit that we have failed. I say this with infinite regret, but it is our stern duty to face realities." In London the Foreign Office hinted that now Britain would be willing to press ahead with plans for a Southeast Asia pact.

Breaking Off. At week's end the fall of the French government paralyzed all negotiations. But the Communists made clear that they were anxious to keep on talking, if only to blame the West for the impending break. They had their bait ready in military maps. Though political talks were deadlocked, the Communists might tempt a new French government to keep talking by yielding an acre here, a salient there, on the tried & true pattern of Panmunjom.

But what could the West save at Geneva? Laniel had publicly declared that France could not fight on without help. The U.S. had said publicly that it would not give that help. That left the conference with nothing to do but legalize the Communist conquest of Indo-China. The only question seemed to be: Would it be better to watch a French delegate do the legalizing, or, by breaking off, pretend that no one was looking while Indo-China slowly slipped away, either in a maproom or paddy by paddy?

* But perhaps not entirely. As a result of private negotiations with the Chinese delegation the British won one concession: four years after Britain recognized Red China, Peking consented to recognize Britain, secretly agreed to send a *châraé d'affaires* to the Court of St. James's some time soon.



BIDAULT & MOLOTOV
The arbiter became the antagonist.

Paris Match—Bennett

FRANCE

The 19th Fall

It had been a sickly creature from the beginning, so there was neither surprise nor shock last week when the 19th post-war government of France died. Its demise merely added the exclamation point to a long and melancholy sentence.

For Frenchmen it brought the familiar word "crisis" back into the headlines, but no assurance that the politicians' response would be equal to the danger.

For France's allies it increased the conviction that France is unwilling or unable to take its proper place as a world power. It increased the possibility that France would give up the fight and lay Indo-China open to Communist absorption.

The government of Millionaire Joseph Laniel had survived two Indo-China debates (the last by only two votes). The opposition insisted on a third debate.

Laniel tried to head it off by asking the National Assembly simply to "note," not even approve, his government's Indo-China war policy and let the matter be. The Assembly decisively rejected Laniel's attempt as too easy an out. The burly Premier, a dead cigar jutting from his impassive face, strode off the Assembly floor, took his Cabinet with him for a meeting with President René Coty. The decision was to handle the matter as a vote of confidence. "It is rationally unthinkable," commented Finance Minister Edgar Faure with a shake of his head, "but the fall of this government is passionately wanted."

Word from Geneva. The desire of the Assembly might not be rational, but it was plain. The Laniel government had refrained from doing much of anything about anything, so as to offend no one. But the people—or at least the Assembly politicians—were tired of the Laniel crowd. There was increasing turmoil over the long-postponed EDC decision. Russia's Molotov brought matters to a boil by ruthlessly dismissing the idea that there was a way to negotiate an honorable peace in Indo-China.

Radical Socialist Edouard Daladier, Foreign Minister at the time of Munich and now a man Molotov praises, struck first. Foreign Minister Georges Bidault, he cried, had "failed to get anywhere at all." Bidault, just off the train from Geneva and even more sleepy-headed than usual, confessed that he could not report "promise of certain success" at Geneva. "But," said he, "it . . . depends on you to a large extent whether in the uncertain sky of Lake Geneva a healthy wind will blow away the clouds . . ."

Then from the Radical Socialist benches came the voice of ambitious Economist Pierre Mendès-France, most outspoken advocate of the theory that France is "militarily overextended" and must get out of Indo-China. "We are not Americans," said he, "We cannot see the world with their eyes . . . It is possible to end the disorder immediately, but it is not this government that can do it."



Robert Cohen—AGIP

MENDÈS-FRANCE

He demanded the unthinkable.

Just Short of a Year. As a maneuver to head off the inevitable, Bidault's Catholic M.R.P., biggest party in Laniel's coalition, raised the hope of "dissolution"—the constitutional provision that stipulates that the National Assembly may be dissolved and new national elections held if within 18 months two cabinets are overturned by absolute majorities (at present, 314 votes) on votes of confidence. French politicians, anxious to hold on to their red plush seats, were too canny to be intimidated. They maneuvered their votes so that Laniel lost his vote of confidence (206 to 203) but not by the crucial 314 votes. The line-up against him included: 66 Communists, 104 of the 105 Socialists, 33 of the 76 Radical Socialists and 44 of the 75 Gaullists. Laniel had lasted just 14 days short of a full year, the second-longest-lived postwar government.*

According to the custom that the man most responsible for bringing down a government is given the first chance to form a new one, President Coty asked Mendès-France to try. He would have a hard time without the Communist vote, which he spurns, and without Bidault's M.R.P., which spurns him. Communists the world over may well have calculated that the fall of Laniel would produce a surrender government in France. But an unfavorable vote for Mendès-France would be a significant rebuff to Moscow.

The likelihood was that divided France would continue to be governed by a coalition. In the meantime, the government would be run not by men with authority but by political zombies, powerless to make basic decisions. In the next government some of the faces would be different, but they were almost certain to wear the same ghostly pallor.

* Longest: Henri Queuille (301 days).

INDO-CHINA

Explanation

The Vietnamese Minister for Information, Le Thang, was helpfully trying to explain the situation in Indo-China as he saw it. "The trouble here," he said, "is that the average Vietnamese doesn't want the U.S. to come in because he's afraid of atomic bombs. He doesn't want the Communists because he's afraid of China. He doesn't want the French to stay because they're colonialists. He wants a strong Vietnamese government, but not mobilization. He doesn't want elections because the Communists might win."

The Buildup

Red General Giap last week concentrated eight regular Viet Minh divisions against the 300-mile edge of the Red River Delta. The French, anxiously awaiting reinforcements from Europe and North Africa, still believed they could hold. The position on the eve of the Delta battle:

Communists: Giap has deployed two infantry divisions and one heavy-weapon division against the Delta's northern rim; he has two divisions ready in the south. Giap has also infiltrated the Delta with the equivalent of three more divisions. Best estimate of the Communist strength: 110,000 regulars, up to 200,000 irregulars.

French: General René Cogny has a smaller force—27½ French Union (mostly North Africans and Foreign Legionnaires), the rest Vietnamese—but he still possesses superiority in heavy weapons, plus an unopposed air force operating almost on top of its bases. Cogny has regrouped one-third of his army into nine mobile groups, three smaller armored task forces, and a paratroop reserve; but most of his Vietnamese are tied down behind fixed defenses.

Considerations: 1) The Communists are almost totally mobile, and may concentrate against any single point; the French must rely upon the heavy counterpunch. 2) Communist morale is high; French morale is shaken; Vietnamese morale is low. 3) The Communists already hold two-thirds of the Delta by day, almost all of it by night; the Delta population—except in the cities, with their anti-Communist refugees—is considered either pro-Communist or neutral.

Under normal conditions, Cogny could not long hold out without substantial reinforcement. The French are still counting on the weather. Indo-China's heavy rains will commence around July 1, the Delta will flood, and both sides will have to stick to the roads or contend with a shoulder-high squagmire.

Cogny is regrouping behind an intricate series of rivers and canals, a loosely connected perimeter 100 miles shorter and more easily defensible than his present one; he intends to let the Vietnamese army prove itself by defending the outer zones. Cogny believes he can hold until the dry season and the fall—when he must have certain reinforcements.

Giap has always fought by the classic

Mao Tse-tung doctrine of Asian war: "Never fight unless victory is certain"; he must also synchronize with Peking and Geneva. But Giap has perhaps three clear weeks, and apprehensive French eyes are already turning towards a rubble-dust town called Phuly, 40 miles south of Hanoi, and the most vulnerable spot in the Delta. Giap has already eroded eleven of Phuly's twelve outlying defense posts; he has the twelfth under harassment; and from now on, his possibilities are a succession of dangerous "ifs." If Giap attacks Phuly, if he gets it, if Vietnamese and Western morale further crumbles, he might decide to try a big pincer offensive from south and north, designed to cut in between Hanoi and the sea. If Giap can do this, Cogy will have to evacuate Hanoi.

These are "ifs" indeed; but though the French still keep up an optimistic front, U.S. military observers on the scene are already talking about "whens."

GREAT BRITAIN

Knight of the Garter

*When first this order was ordain'd,
my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble
birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty
courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the
swords;
Not fearing death, not shrinking for
distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.*
—Henry VI

Though Winston Churchill is not strictly of noble birth, few Britons better fulfill Shakespeare's qualifications for membership in England's oldest chivalric order. This week, in the first Garter service of her reign, Britain's young Queen Elizabeth formally installed 70-year-old Sir Winston as a Knight Companion.

For the occasion, Churchill, the only living commoner in a company whose 31 other members include three queens, two kings, and two ex-kings, got himself rigged out in blue and crimson velvet, topped by a black hat adorned with ostrich feathers. At a morning ceremony in the throne room at Windsor Castle, Elizabeth herself adorned him with the ancient insignia of the Order: the golden collar, the "great George," the "lesser George," the Star and the Garter itself, a band of dark blue edged with gold and embroidered with the famed admonition of Edward III. "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

Later, in St. George's Chapel, Lord Halifax, Chancellor of the Order, read aloud the new knight's name and style ("Sir"), and he was led to a stall hung with the lion rampant of the Churchills. After half an hour of prayers and anthems, it was all over. Queen Elizabeth hurried away to prepare for Ascot Week festivities, and Sir Winston Churchill, K.G., returned to London and the hum-

drum 20th century business of being Prime Minister.

Reluctant Step. Throughout his 60 years of public life, Winston Churchill has managed better than any other Briton to suffuse the political scene with the spirit of knight errantry. But to those Britons whose business was the practical administration of day to day politics, the



Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL, K.G.
A dream of peace to seal the victory.

principal interest concerning the newest Knight of the Garter last week was when he intends to lay down his lance.

Weeks ago, Churchill had told his faithful squire Anthony Eden that he intended to retire soon after the Queen's return from her round-the-world tour. He was mortally tired; he still had his great moments, but the aftereffects of a stroke last year had left him often unfit to conduct the daily business of government. Retirement before Parliament rises in late July would give Eden a chance to take over smoothly as Prime Minister and prepare himself for a possible general election either this fall or next spring. To defer his retirement until the very eve of an election and then let Eden bear the brunt of possible defeat would be a serious affront to Churchill's own rigid code of loyalty. For the best interests of all concerned, it was agreed that retirement should come on or about July 15. Yet, as the moment for quitting drew near last week, the old man still seemed loth to take the step.

Final Gesture. Developments in Geneva and Moscow had made Churchill's dream of a "parley at the summit" between himself, Eisenhower and Malenkov an impossibility. Last week, faced with the possibility of a complete breakdown at Geneva, and still dreaming of making the great contribution to peace that he had once made to victory, Churchill was seriously considering another supreme gesture: a conference with Eisenhower at Washington to patch up the badly shattered Anglo-American alliance. Such a conference would be bound to postpone the aged statesman's retirement at least until the fall, and perhaps later. Meanwhile, at Whitehall and Westminster and Downing Street, the papers were piling up, with the younger Tories powerless to sort them out. None was prepared to force him out, but all heartily wished he would make up his mind. "Not fearing death, not shrinking from distress," Britain's newest Garter Knight last week seemed somewhat less than "resolute in most extremes."

WEST GERMANY

Back to Rapallo?

Since coming to power in 1949, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer has kept his people's eyes turned firmly westward. He sold them on the theory that Germany's future depends on the building of a strong Western Europe. "Europe is coming," *Der Alte* promised week after week. Last week, as it became increasingly plain that Europe is not coming, Adenauer faced outspoken rumbles among his own supporters.

The first murmurs began after the failure of the Berlin Conference to agree to a united Germany. Dr. Thomas Dehler, chairman of the Free Democrats, No. 2 party in the Adenauer coalition, asked pointedly: "Is it not necessary to enter into conversations with the rulers in Moscow and Peking?" Adenauer shushed him by calling such talk appeasement. But after target dates for EDC ratification by the French came & went without action, and the French government tottered feebly, the mutters in Germany increased. The German Chancellor's policy, said the critics, had gotten his nation nothing from either West or East. German businessmen, their production lines overflowing, lustred for Eastern outlets.

Düsseldorf Talk. Last week the debate came out in the open. Two influential voices expressed their misgivings publicly. Before Düsseldorf's Rhein-Ruhr Club, Heinrich Brüning, last democratic Chancellor of the Weimar Republic (1930-32) and now a professor at Cologne University, warned that Adenauer's policy was inflexible and unrealistic. Germany, he said, must return to its traditional Rapallo-Locarno policy of friendship with both East and West. Through the Treaties of Rapallo (allying Germany with Russia in 1922) and Locarno (allying her with the West in 1925), Germany had risen from the ashes of World War I. A new Rapallo-Locarno policy would again

♣ Shamed be he who thinks evil of it.



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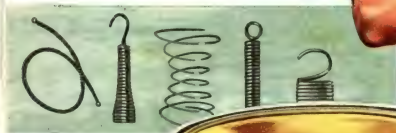
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enable Germany to play the two power blocs off against each other, and reap rewards from both. Adenauer was "too dogmatic" and he was also too dependent on the U.S., which Herr Professor Brüning said gloomily, is headed for an economic slump.* Then up stood old Hans Luther, another pre-Hitler Chancellor (1925-26) and one-time Ambassador to the U.S. He agreed with Brüning. Through an aroma of fragrant cigars, West Germany's bankers and businessmen nodded slowly.

The Rhein-Ruhr Club is the managerial backbone of German industry. Adenauer could not afford to lose such support. "It is regrettable," *Der Alte* cried, "that men of such excellent reputation are making remarks which might be harmful." He asserted that the Russians had deliberately exaggerated Germany's potential market in the U.S.S.R. He hit Brüning's "seesaw policy" as unsuitable, and as tending to create "distrust in Germany's reliability." Brüning hastily said that he had not meant his remarks to be publicized.

Moscow Hint. The Russians did not let the debate die. *Pravda* quoted Premier Malenkov as promising that the Kremlin would "treat favorably" any West German approach. Dr. Dehler, boss of the Free Democrats, spoke up again last week: "Direct diplomatic relations between West Germany and the Soviet Union are absolutely necessary." A third party in Adenauer's coalition, the German Party, chimed in, demanding "full freedom of action" for Germany.

In Bonn, *Der Alte*, who has frequently said that 1954 is the year of decision for Germany, fought to put down the revolt before it became dangerous. He badly needed help from his allies, and was not getting it.

EAST GERMANY

The Most Precarious Post

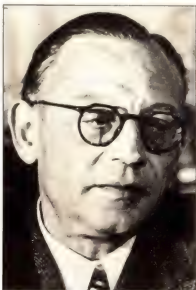
Above all, Georg Dertinger was a man who survived. He prided himself on stepping out of the ashes, unscarred, adjusting his monocle and going on. He not only got along well while his country almost perished, he profited by its convulsions.

In the '20s, as a bullyboy in the paramilitary nationalist *Freikorps*, and as a poison-pen rightist journalist, Dertinger helped kill off the democratic Weimar Republic. When Hitler came in, he became an official in Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry, with a big picture of Von Ribbentrop on his desk. Then when the Russians arrived, Georg confided to a friend, "I will walk the tightrope over Communism as surely as I did over Nazism."

The Sure Thing. For a while he did. He became a frontman for the Reds; chairman of the East zone puppet Christian Democratic Union, and the non-Communist Foreign Minister of East Germany. He sold out his people, signing away to Poland all Germany east of the

Oder-Neisse line. In return, he got a congratulatory telegram from Vishinsky, two villas, a ration of 15 bottles of schnapps and 350 U.S. cigarettes monthly, and two mistresses. Every Thursday he enjoyed an all-night vodka bout with Russian Political Chief Vladimir Semenov. "What can happen to me?" he used to say. "If the Russians stay on top, I'll stay on top. If the Americans win, I'll just be taken to a camp and go on smoking Chesterfields."

But in the Russians, Georg Dertinger met his match. The Russians, who had bought him so cheaply, knew his worth. One night, 17 months ago, State Security Police arrested him, and five others, including both of his mistresses. They were accused of spying for the West and of plotting to overthrow the Red government. Last week the verdict was an-



EX-MINISTER DERTINGER
"What can happen to me?"

nounced. One mistress got three years' sentence; the other, an eleven-year term. Georg Dertinger: 15 years' hard labor.

Opportunist Dertinger should have known better than to be a satellite Foreign Minister, perhaps the most precarious post of all. The roll call of what befell seven other foreign ministers in the past eight years:

Jan Masaryk, Czechoslovakia, jumped or was pushed from a window 1948.

Vladimir Clementis, Czechoslovakia, executed 1952.

David Vack, Czechoslovakia, current Foreign Minister, disappeared 1954.

Petko Stainov, Bulgaria, demoted 1946.

Georghe Tatarescu, Rumania, fired 1947, confined to his home.

Ana Pauker, Rumania, ousted 1952, reportedly awaiting trial.

László Rajik, Hungary, executed 1949.

Gyula Kallai, Hungary, disappeared 1951.

TRIESTE

Secret Negotiations

"Llewellyn Thompson, the U.S. Ambassador and High Commissioner in Austria, hasn't been seen at his Vienna post this year. The Embassy employees say they don't know where he is."—Leonard Lyons, June 7.

Readers of Lyons' Broadway gossip presumably shuddered momentarily before leaping to the next item, wondering whether the missing U.S. diplomat had disappeared behind the Iron Curtain. The fact, which was no secret to conscientious readers of the *New York Times* last week, was that Ambassador Thompson was hard at work in London conducting a behind-the-scenes effort with British experts to de-fuse a diplomatic time bomb—the problem of Trieste.

Farmhouses & Gardens. The talks were private. By last week the Anglo-American negotiators had traversed half the hard ground to a meeting of minds between Italy and Yugoslavia. Tito's representatives had now tentatively accepted the Anglo-American plan; the next step would be to take it up with Italy. The secrecy was designed to prevent either side from claiming prematurely it had got the best of the deal. The secrecy had been fairly well honored, except for two conspicuous leaks by Tito to newsmen.

The plan is essentially the same as that proposed publicly by the U.S. and Britain last Oct. 8, which had set off patriotic protests first in Yugoslavia and then in Italy. Under the plan, Italy would get Zone A, including the city of Trieste itself (pop. 280,000), which has been occupied since war's end by U.S. and British troops. Yugoslavia would get title to Zone B, which it already occupies. Yugoslavia and landlocked Austria would get access to the port of Trieste.

In the months of negotiating, Tito's men haggled over a farmhouse here, a truck garden there, until they had won the cession of approximately a mile more territory than proposed in the Oct. 8 plan. The Yugoslavs also wanted the U.S. to build them a new port, to compensate them for the permanent loss of the city of Trieste, perhaps in Yugoslavia's Zone B, but preferably far to the south, at Bar (Antivari) on the Albanian border, which would be of more strategic use in case of a war with Russia. The U.S. opposed that, suggested giving Tito access to facilities in Trieste.

Italy's Turn. The haggling with Tito over for the moment, the negotiators called in Italy's London Ambassador Manlio Brosio last week and advised him of the terms. He flew to Rome, nominally to attend his niece's wedding, but actually to inform Premier Mario Scelba's government, which has done its best to keep the subject quiet. Now it would be Italy's turn to negotiate, to redraw the map, and to bargain for advantages. This would take weeks, perhaps months. But progress was being made—and that was good news, for a change, for the West.

* Brüning spent the years 1935-51 in the U.S., during which time he taught government at Harvard University.

MAGSAYSAY FACES HIS OPPOSITION

Reynolds Unruh—Manila Bulletin



SENATORS LAUREL, RODRIGUEZ & RECTO
Providing a queer kind of friendly help.

The strongest and best friend of the U.S. in the Far East is 46-year-old Ramon Magsaysay, President of the Philippines. A guerrilla fighter against the Japanese in World War II, a passionate admirer of Americans, and the man who as Defense Secretary crushed the Communist Huk, Magsaysay was elected President by a landslide last November. In five months in office, he has had to make the difficult transition from hero-above-politics to political leader. From Manila, *TIME* Senior Editor John Osborne cabled this report on the tough opposition Magsaysay faces inside his own party, and of how he met it last week.

AT noon one day last week, a thin woman with roughened hands and bitter mouth walked across the huge chandelied reception room at Malacanán, the palace of Filipino Presidents, and into the office marked "Presidential Complaints and Action Commission." A tired but courteous official asked her to sit down and tell him her trouble. Her problem, she said in soft Tagalog, was that her husband was about to go off to the U.S. and abandon her; she wanted President Magsaysay to keep him at home.

Such a request did not surprise the official. He and others at Malacanán have heard wives complain that their husbands were too vigorous, or impotent, or unfaithful; they have been asked to redress the wrongs of abused farm tenants, to pay the rent of impoverished widows. Filipinos have inundated the Complaints and Action Commission with 23,000 requests for help since Magsaysay set it up last January. In a country where the fortunate learn early to use their government, and the unfortunate to fear it, the

word has gone out that any man or woman, rich or poor, may come to Magsaysay and be heard.

"You Will See." The President himself had gone off to his yacht that day for a few hours of escape. Not long ago, the favor-seekers would have sought him out directly and engulfed him. Now, Magsaysay says, he has put them in good hands, and seldom has to see more than 500 persons a day himself.

Magsaysay also believes that he is getting the larger aspects of being President under control, though he is aware that there is some doubt on that score among some of his sincerest associates and admirers. "When you ride a strange horse, you always have a little trouble," Magsaysay says soberly. "no matter how good a horseman you are. Now I know my horse. There will be no more trouble. You will see."

Millions of his countrymen, including some who have made a lot of trouble for him and will make more, hope that Ramon Magsaysay is right. A Senator of the *Nacionalista* Party, said last week: "This man is the only hope of our country. He must succeed. It will be a tragedy if he fails."

Yet this very man, voicing hopes that are nearly unanimous throughout the Philippines, feels obliged to harass and oppose the President on many major issues. Why? It is part of a strange and complex yet somehow simple story, a story which begins with the fact that Magsaysay is the prophet and product of a genuine revolution. He personifies and has brought to vivid life the tired cliché that the little people of his country expect him to govern for them. As his critics and intellectual superiors are prone to say, there are

many things that he does not know, perhaps including how to run a modern government. But this he does know: the people of his country are his strength.

Everybody Wishes Well. The first session of the Filipino Congress in Magsaysay's administration ended recently. On the surface, he seemed to come through the session very well: he got most of the legislation he asked for. The big challenges to his authority were overcome or postponed. But the reality was different. Magsaysay got his legislation enacted only because he finally faced up to a conflict with the senior *Nacionalista* Party leaders, the very men who persuaded him to leave ex-President Quirino's Liberal Party last year and run for President as a *Nacionalista*. The core of the conflict, the question to be decided, is whether the old politicians or Magsaysay will govern the nation, and for whose benefit.

Other questions are involved. One is whether the Philippines is to remain a firm ally of the U.S. in Asia (as will be the case if Magsaysay wins the struggle) or becomes an uneasy neutralist dependency, tied to the U.S. by bonds it cannot escape yet led by men who in varying degree detest the bonds and distrust the U.S.

Another question is how well the Philippines is to be governed. Magsaysay has yet to demonstrate that if he wins the current political struggle, the Philippines will be well, or even strongly, governed. Countless episodes have created—and to some extent justified—an impression that Magsaysay, for all his forthright talk, wavers in the clutches, vacillates, makes and countermands and remakes decisions. He sporadically seeks to solve his problems with bursts of direct action which

often merely compound his troubles and confuse subordinates. Many of the President's friends share the concern recently expressed by a Manila editor:

"Everybody still wishes Magsaysay well. It is about time he gave the people more than honesty, integrity and the common touch. The government must be uncommonly capable, efficient and effective, too."

Most of the men now opposing Magsaysay got behind him originally in the sincere hope that he would bring about a better and a fairer balance of life in the islands. What, then, divides them and the President? It is partly Magsaysay's refusal (erratic and inconsistent, but nevertheless determining) to play the game of politics as they know it. Partly it is pride: for example, old and venerated Senator José Laurel, the man who did most to elect Magsaysay under *Nacionalista* banners, expects to be recognized and consulted as one of Magsaysay's principal advisers and fiercely resents Magsaysay's failure to do so openly and regularly. But mostly it is intolerable to these men who have been in politics for so long that this one man's power should be so much greater than theirs and their party's.

Relentless Enemy. Laurel's personal urge for power is subdued by age (63). Not so Laurel's principal partner in leadership of the *Nacionalista* Party, his one-time enemy and current friend, Senator Claro Recto. In the five months since Magsaysay was inaugurated, Recto has firmly established himself as a brilliant, determined and relentless enemy of (1) Ramon Magsaysay and (2) U.S. policy and U.S. interests in Asia. Apart from politics and foreign affairs, he is Manila's most distinguished and probably its most successful corporation lawyer. Now 64, he is pudgy, softspoken, incisively gentle in conversation but savage in political combat or in a courtroom. Recto was born in southern Luzon in the province of Tayabas (now Quezon). His father, though he could not write, was a man of some importance in his village. Recto himself, educated by the Jesuits, stood at the head of his classes at Santa Tomas law school, learned to speak and write perfect Castilian (then the mark of a cultured gentleman).

He spent the prewar years in the ranks of those who demanded immediate freedom from the U.S. at all costs. By World War II was one of the islands' "Big Five" political leaders. With José Laurel he was in the Japanese puppet regime during occupation, serving in a manner which Filipinos have come to regard as in the best interests of his countrymen. Recto, who insisted on being tried as a collaborator after the war to clear himself of all taint (he was acquitted), and Laurel both still resent bitterly General Douglas MacArthur's postwar treatment of them and what they regard as U.S. misjudgment of their wartime roles under the Japanese.

Unfriendly Friendship. Recto is the *Nacionalista* Party's foreign affairs spokesman, chairman of the Senate's armed services committee and dominant member of its foreign affairs committee. From those strategic points, he is busily at work sniping at the works of Magsaysay and of the U.S. His objectives and motives are hotly debated in Manila. His dominant ambition at the moment seems to be to cut Magsaysay down to size. Since Magsaysay is the republic's most ardent pro-American, Recto attacks him by attacking things American. Recto himself maintains that he really likes the U.S. and merely wants to show it, as a friend, how to be right and effective in Asia. But Americans in Manila have come to feel that the U.S. can well do without this particular kind of friendly help.

Signature on Paper. Recto's recommendations and attitudes resemble in many ways those of India's Nehru—or at any rate come to about the same end. Recto currently opposes U.S.—and Magsaysay—policy on such crucial questions as the status of U.S. bases in the Philippines, trade terms, mutual security arrangements. One day not long ago, he enraged an American at a Lions Club meeting in Manila. The American asked if he simply refuses to trust the word of the U.S. He would trust the U.S., Recto answered, only if he had its signature on paper.

In return for his strong sponsorship of Magsaysay, Recto won the Under Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs for one of his young law associates, Leon Guerrero, Guerrero, without consultation with President Magsaysay, promptly proclaimed that "Asia for the Asians" was to be the basis of Philippine foreign policy. Recto and Laurel enthusiastically applauded. Magsaysay, rightly seeing in it a direct challenge to his authority and his policy, banned use of the slogan in the future.

This deepened Recto's dissatisfaction, and a showdown became unavoidable. Would Magsaysay or Recto's "old guard" run the party and the government? Last week President Magsaysay drafted a five-point "summary of general principles," then invited *Nacionalista* Party leaders to dine with him at Malacanang. Only Senator Recto refused to go; he was in mourning for a son who was killed in a recent accident.

On a wide and windy balcony overlooking the dirty Pasig River, the Senators and Congressmen affably downed a hearty dinner of turtle soup, egg, roast beef and ice cream. Then Magsaysay handed his statement of principles to Senator Eulogio Rodriguez, president of both the party and the Senate, who read it to the group. It pledged all elected officials to "carry



MICHAEL ROUGIER—LIFE
PRESIDENT MAGSAYSAY
Riding a strange horse.

out the mandate of the national electorate," including Magsaysay's campaign promise of land reform. In two direct paragraphs, Magsaysay laid before the politicians the heart of the conflict.

"Recognizing the clear and inescapable threat of Communist imperialism . . . the administration seeks participation in the free world's collective security mechanism to the fullest extent of our capabilities . . ."

"The administration is committed to the maintenance and strengthening of traditional ties of friendship and cooperation with the U.S. . . ."

Things went well. The assembled politicians suggested a minor change in wording here & there. President Magsaysay saved José Laurel's pique by agreeing to hold a weekly breakfast parley with Senate and House leaders.

Then, one by one, with José Laurel in the forefront, the politicians endorsed the President's statement of principles. It was a sharp setback for Claro Recto. Ramon Magsaysay, by resisting his first impetuous urge to make a clean break from the *Nacionalista* leaders, had won their pledged support. But whether it would prove a decisive victory remains to be seen. Senator Recto did not admit defeat, and some *Nacionalistas* still look upon him as one of their leaders. But Magsaysay, the amateur, had won his first big victory over the professional politicians. He will doubtless have to win more to achieve the success so many wish for him, but in winning the first one he had demonstrated how democracy responds to good intentions strongly put. The old pros knew they did not dare split away from the most popular and most trusted man in the Philippines.

GREECE

The Winged Victory of Papou

For centuries before and after King Xerxes camped there with his Persians waiting to do battle at Thermopylae in 480 B.C., the plain of Anthele lay bleached and barren. No trees grew to shade its parched acres from the relentless Grecian sun; no water flowed over the bank of the winding Sperchios River to wash them clear of salt and alkali. For generations, no local farmer even bothered to put his plow to the 9,000 useless acres of the plain, and even those who worked the stony lands on its edge were forced to content themselves with only the scantiest yields.

On a February day in 1949, however, an elderly American agricultural expert named Walter Eugene Packard drove out

\$1.50 a day; a small army of American tractors and bulldozers moved in to divert the course of the Sperchios River. In the midst of it all, usually coatless and with shirtsleeves rolled high, Walter Packard worked side by side with his Greek friends. In a few weeks, the dubious villagers who came down each evening at dusk to watch work on the newly flooded paddyfields were rewarded with the sight of tender green shoots reaching skyward. "It was like a miracle from the gods," said one of them.

By that time, all the people of Anthele plain had come to know Walter Packard as "Papou" (Grandfather). Children picked wildflowers for him. Church bells in all the villages rang when his familiar jeep was spotted bumping along the road from Athens. Even the road itself was renamed Packard in his honor. But Papou



WALTER PACKARD & STATUE
The Greeks knew what they liked.

Megaleconomou Photos

to Anthele from Athens. As plainly and unmistakably American as the prostyle of a Midwestern bank, he joined the villagers for coffee and sweets at the local inn and promptly got down to business. "Some of us," he told his listeners. "think you can grow things on this land of yours. Rice, for instance." Torn between skepticism and wonder, the farmers of Anthele listened respectfully as Packard went on to outline a plan whereby U.S. money and Greek labor might be combined to test the fertility of the plain of Anthele.

From the Gods. The Greeks have little trust in bureaucratic schemes, but, said a Greek recalling the incident later, "here in this village, we like what we like, and when we don't like something, we speak up. Somehow, we liked the way this American spoke to us."

Some 40 local landowners turned over 100 acres to Packard's project; other villagers abandoned the idleness of the coffee shops to man picks & shovels for

Packard was not one to rest on laurels. He was busy making plans to turn the 100 acres of rice into 1,000 and the 1,000 into 2,000. By last year, his vision and enthusiasm had helped the Greeks put 4,000 acres of the Anthele plain under cultivation. For the first time in history Greece was able to export rice. The gain to the Greek economy on an original U.S. overseas-aid investment of \$43,000 was over \$10 million. More important, perhaps, was the fact that the farmers of Anthele for the first time in human memory were prosperous and self-supporting.

For a Hero. Last week, as 70-year-old Walter Packard of Berkeley, Calif., prepared to complete his six-year assignment in Greece, the people of Anthele honored him as the Greeks have honored their heroes for centuries—with a marble statue in the village square. It was quarried from the same stone which went into the Parthenon and the Winged Victory of Samothrace.

RUSSIA

Who Stands Upon the Tomb?

Only by small and frivolous outward signs can the world measure the Kremlin's inner struggle for power. But what makes the frivolous fundamental is the importance the Communist leaders themselves attach to pride of place: Who stands nearest the center atop Lenin's tomb? Who waves to the mob? Who doesn't? (On May Day, only Nikita Khrushchev did; on May 30, Khrushchev and Malenkov, in identical suits, waved identical hats.)

In Stalin's time, his name came first in all published lists of gatherings. After Stalin died, the lists began with Malenkov, Beria and Molotov. Then they became Malenkov, Molotov (considered a foreign affairs specialist and out of the running) and Khrushchev.

Last week *Pravda* for the first time published all the top leaders' names in alphabetical order. Malenkov's no longer led; he was down in the M's with Molotov. Defense Minister Bulganin came first. Malenkov might resent being in the middle, but could take consolation in the fact that in the Russian alphabet, the English KH is written as X, making his chief rival, Khrushchev, last on the list.

ITALY

The Law That Boomeranged

One of the causes of parliamentary instability in Italy today is a law designed to give it stability. In 1953 Alcide de Gasperi's Demo-Christians pushed through an electoral law providing that any group winning 50.1% of the popular vote should receive 64% of the chamber seats, a clear working majority. At election time the Reds challenged so many ballots that the Demo-Christians fell just 55,000 votes short of earning the electoral bonus; the law itself proved so unpopular that it is widely known as the *legge truffa* (fraud law).

Last week Italy's fellow-traveling Nenni Socialists called for its repeal. Premier Mario Scelba (who as De Gasperi's Interior Minister had conceived the law) lent his support to its repeal. The vote: 427 to 75. In renouncing his own law and in joining with the Reds in repealing it, Scelba confessed a galling defeat but did himself no political harm. His government has now lasted four months in office and shows signs of staying power.

BURMA

Beginning

In Pinyinma, not 450 miles from Dienbienphu, the Burmese government last week started its long-promised land reform. About 21,000 acres were parceled out among some 4,500 land-hungry peasants. Unlike Communist-style land reform, the landlords got fair compensation. In the next nine years Premier U Nu hopes to distribute 10 million acres, give perhaps 2,000,000 Burmese a stake of their own against Communism.



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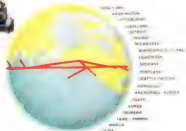
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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Plague-Control Plan

Faced with the growing threat of Communist power in Guatemala, the hemisphere's 30 other nations agreed last week that a consultative meeting of the Organization of American States is now essential. The most notable convert to the idea of holding such a meeting was Mexico, whose complacent view of Guatemala as a little country going through a period of revolutionary reform was abruptly upset last month when her southern neighbor received 2,000 tons of Communist arms and ammunition. A formal call for the conference, to meet around July 1, probably in Montevideo, is expected this week.

The U.S. will offer the conference a concrete plan for resisting the extension of Red influence in or from Guatemala. Main points: 1) interception and confiscation of any further arms shipments from Communist sources to Guatemala;^{*} 2) a five-nation watchdog commission to enforce the arms quarantine and to keep an eye on Guatemalan infiltration among its neighbors; and 3) no action for the present on economic sanctions that might bring hardship to Guatemala's people.

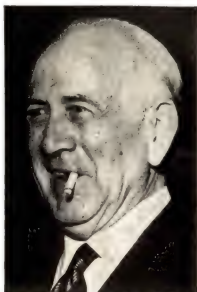
If the U.S. can get the needed two-thirds (14) vote for this program, Guatemala's stubborn President Jacobo Arbenz will have to make a serious decision: either to control his rampant Red comrades or take the risk of some future—and perhaps far heavier—demonstration of his neighbors' disapproval.

GUATEMALA

Plots & Rumors

As jittery President Jacobo Arbenz saw it, every sign spelled plot. Volunteers reportedly were signing up in a "liberation army" gathering across the Honduran border under exiled Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas. A retired air force colonel, pretending to check the engine of a sports plane, zoomed mysteriously off to El Salvador, landing in a meadow en route to pick up a friend. Independent newspapers were reporting the hemisphere's growing sentiment against Arbenz' Communist-coddling with a factual thoroughness that the Reds regarded as downright traitorous. One midnight last week, with pressure building up, Arbenz assembled his Cabinet, which decreed a 30-day state of emergency suspending all civil liberties.

Since the major constitutional guarantee, habeas corpus, had been no more than a poor joke for weeks in police-ridden Guatemala, the decree's biggest effect was on the opposition press. Cables were censored, chiefly for news of arrests



Kurt Klingbrunn—Judith Munk
OSWALDO ARANHA
Able, willing and ready.

and escapes into asylum; local papers—except the brashly Communist *Tribuna Popular*—were splashed with white space where items had been killed.

Revolution? The end of uncensored news reports at once heightened the tension. Popular movie houses were deserted, business went to pot. Most shops and stores languished; groceries and gasoline stations, on the other hand, were mobbed by citizens who momentarily expected a revolution and wanted to stock up. But the week's only reliably reported violence was the slaughter, by machete-swinging villagers, of three rural cops; other police in turn Tommy-gunned three peasants to death.

From the lack of legitimate news grew a crop of eye-popping rumors. The "entire air force," said one, had taken off to join Castillo Armas in Honduras. The army's chief of staff was dead or, alternatively, arrested. Wildest of all: 8,000 soldiers, led by Russian officers who had arrived in submarines, were dug in on the coast to fight off the U.S. Marines.

Civil War? The rumors' preoccupation with military affairs reflected a fear that anti-Communist army officers will eventually desert Arbenz and that he in turn will try to form armed militia units among the Communist-controlled unions of laborers and farmers, thereby bringing on a bloody civil war. *Tribuna Popular* published photographs of strapping farmhands over captions that said they would "take up arms if necessary to defend the fatherland against Yankee monopolists and interventionists." The threatening implication was clear: in a showdown, the pro-Communist regime will depend for survival on guns in the irresponsible hands of its most loyal supporters.

BRAZIL

Strong Arm's Strong Arm

To the world at large, Brazil's brilliant Oswaldo Aranha is one of his nation's best-known citizens. In his time he has held a long string of high-level government and international posts: Finance Minister, Foreign Minister, Justice Minister, Ambassador to the U.S., head of the Brazilian delegation to the U.N., president of the U.N. General Assembly in 1947. Last week, while keeping his current job as Finance Minister, Aranha added a new title: Agriculture Minister.

When he needs a strong right arm, President Getulio Vargas always calls on Oswaldo Aranha, leader of the 1930 Gaucha march that first made Vargas dictator. A year ago, Vargas, battling economic troubles, made Aranha Finance Minister. The immediate problem was a foreign-exchange shortage, but the basic sickness of the nation's economy, as Aranha diagnosed it, was that agriculture had been neglected. Aranha decided to 1) cut nonessential imports by making importers pay the government a premium for the necessary foreign currencies; 2) use part of the profits from foreign-currency sales for bolstering agriculture. Since aid to farmers is an important part of his economic program, it was logical for Aranha eventually to take over the agriculture ministry.

With two Cabinet portfolios Aranha would have plenty of problems, even without Getulio Vargas' politicking. But last month Vargas bowed to labor and doubled the nation's minimum wages. That set off a new round of price rises and led to new union demands for a price freeze. With congressional elections due in October, Vargas may insist that Aranha, who is in favor of letting supply & demand set the price level, try to nail down food prices. But the fact that he took on the new Cabinet job last week shows that nervy Oswaldo Aranha is in no mood to give in easily.

COLOMBIA

Point-Blank

Colombian university students, singing the national anthem, marched 4,000 strong into downtown Bogotá last week to protest the killing of a fellow student in a scuffle with police the day before. At a street corner they were halted by a cordon of rifle-bearing soldiers. For a few minutes, an amiable standoff prevailed. Then, from a balcony overhead, came the report of a pistol. A soldier fell dead.

"Fire!" shouted the troop commander, and the riflemen shot point-blank into the massed, unarmed students. By the time the volley ended, nine students and two bystanders had been killed; dozens were wounded (see NEWS IN PICTURES). The paraders fled. Still a mystery at week's end was the answer to the question: Who fired the fatal first shot?

* On its own, the U.S. has already sent destroyers to scour the seas off Guatemala, shadowing and photographing ships and challenging them for identification. Only vessel so far stopped (by a comic misunderstanding) was the United Fruit Co.'s banana-freighter *Choluteca*.

PEOPLE



THE ROSSELLINIS IN PARIS
A regret for Rome.

AGIF—Black Star

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Cinematicor **Marlon** (*Julius Caesar*) **Brando**, whose eccentricities have never needed jazzing up by Hollywood press-agents, confided to a United Press reporter that he is really quite normal, not the odd number the public reads about in columns and fan-magazine chronicles. Muttered he: "Every time someone interviews me, it comes out like I'm blowing my top." Then he blew his top about U.S. actresses ("all look alike . . . wiggling their rear ends"), television ("worse than the movies"), movies ("brutality, lust, sex and suffering"), and Americans in general ("peasant stook"). With that off his mind, Brando got back into character: "Actually, I don't give a damn."

Jaime Ortiz Patiño, 25, nephew of Bolivia's gold-laden tin magnate, reported to Roman police that he is minus one bride. The vanished one: **Joanne Connelly** Sweeney Patiño, 23, Manhattan's "most beautiful debutante" of 1948, divorced last November by Britain's former Amateur Golf Champion Robert Sweeney, who named fast-moving Dominican Playboy **Porfirio Rubirosa** as correspondent. A patient in a Rome clinic, where she was being treated for hypochondria and the sleeping-pill fad, Joanne, lamented young Jaime Patiño, "had taken everything—all her clothes, her jewels and my jewels—and gone."

In Yugoslavia, on official invitation from Marshal Tito's government, **Harold C. McClellan**, president of the U.S.'s National Association of Manufacturers, rubbed shoulders with the country's Communists for a fortnight, browsed through Titoland's economy, then headed home with a backward glance surprising for a capitalist. Said he: "These people believe they will eventually get all the bugs out

of their system. I don't believe they will, but nobody's going to tell 'em . . . They're going to find out the hard way . . . No use throwing rocks at these guys . . . They've got guts."

At a Paris railroad station, Italian Director **Roberto Rossellini** was photographed as he emerged from a train with his wife, Actress **Ingrid Bergman**, who will star in a French run of the witch-burning musical play *Joan of Arc at the Stake*, which Rossellini will direct. With them were their twins, Isabella and Isotta, nearly two and an amful for father, and son Robertino, four, who looked as if he wished he'd never left Rome.

Lounging in an easy chair in the library of his Surrey estate, Britain's fireball sultan of the press, **Lord Beaverbrook**, who recently summed up his homilies of success in a book called *Don't Trust to Luck*, trotted out some more reminiscences on BBC's TV in a chat observing his 75th birthday. The Beaver paid tribute to such old departed friends as **Rudyard Kipling** and **H. G. Wells**, reaffirmed his 19th century devotion to the 10th century-brand empire. With a sentimental tremor in his voice, he closed: "This may be my last appearance on television, unless I am asked again when I am 80. Now I must go. My friends would celebrate because I am in my 76th year. A strange reason. I will celebrate, too. I won't be late. I am never late."

In a television interview with Columnist **Drew Pearson**, **Adlai Stevenson** confessed that G.O.P. foreign policy is a perplexing thing to him, often leaves him mulling over who's really running the State Department. "We sometimes wonder who the Secretary of State might be," he said. "I was going to say Secretary of State (**William F.**) **Knowland**, Secretary of State (**Richard**) **Nixon**, Secretary of

State (**John Foster**) **Dulles**, leaving some state of confusion. That is what I call foreign policy by the platoon system."

In Britain, where the month of June holds the best prospect of good weather, **Queen Elizabeth II**, who actually turned 28 last April, celebrated her official birthday in the old monarchic tradition. Sitting sidesaddle on a big chestnut horse named **Winston**, and decked out in the scarlet and blue uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Coldstream Guards, she watched the Trooping the Color ceremony on London's Horse Guards parade ground. Later, the Queen proclaimed the fifth honors list of her reign. Among the 2,500 British and Commonwealth citizens on the roster: old (80) Author **Somerset Maugham**, who joined the exclusive ranks (limit: 50 members) of the Companions of Honor; sharp-tongued Poetess **Edith** (*Paquette*) **Sitwell**, 66, now a Dame Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire; solid **Sir Gladwyn Jebb**, 54, now Britain's Ambassador to France after four years as Britain's chief delegate to the U.N., a big enough man to bear the ponderous title of Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Up in New Brunswick, where he was meditating while fishing, Naturalist **Thornton** (*Old Mother West Wind* stories) **Burgess**, 80, whose bedtime stories are in sum a 44-year chase of Peter Rabbit, who always manages to evade Reddy Fox by a hare's breadth, confided that Peter will never be caught unless it's over **Burgess'** dead body. "There will never be a tragedy in the Burgess bedtime stories," said he feelingly, with a deep sense of his mission. "Tragedy comes into a child's life soon enough."

Pictured beaming out from under their mantillas at a bullfight in a Madrid arena were two lovely exponents of greater Hispaniola, **Carmen**, **Marquesa de Villaverde**,



FRANCO & TRUJILLO
A toast to Hispaniola.

European

27, toothsome daughter of Spain's Dictator Francisco Franco, and **María de Los Angeles Trujillo**, 15, whose father is the Dominican Republic's equally strong man.

TV Quizmaster **Groucho** (*You Bet Your Life*) **Marx**, collar up, slouch hat down, landed at London Airport, beat off autograph hounds, then was besieged by newsmen. Asked one: "Why haven't you visited London for 23 years?" Growled Groucho: "To avoid newspapermen. You can call me the male Greta Garbo." With that, he loped off into the rain.

Away out yonder in Missouri, **Harry Truman** gratefully accepted \$6,200 from his Independence neighbors as a contribution toward building his projected \$1,750,-



ERNEST HEMINGWAY
A memory of Africa.

000 Truman Library, which will house his mountain of personal papers and other Trumaniana. He was especially pleased to contemplate such a shrine in the U.S. heartland. Reason: "Up to now, the people who live east of the Appalachians believe if you go west of the mountains everyone has horns and a tail."

Rhode Island's courtly Senator **Theodore Francis Green**, who has been in Washington since 1937, announced that he would run for another term, despite his age—86. If he serves another term, Green could break the longevity record set by Virginia's **Carter Glass**, who died while in office at 88.

While taking his ease at an inn in Genoa, Author **Ernest Hemingway** paused over his coffee and wine when asked about his brush with crocodiles and treetops during his two recent African plane crashes, then recalled his pain with a curdled face for the benefit of a photographer. Reported title of Papa's forthcoming African memoirs: *Gin Is Not for Little Children*.



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AMARILLO'S HEARSEMEN

George Torres

No crows in the woodshed, but plenty of drops in the elevators.

Chordiality in Washington

Once upon a time, back in the Gay 90s, a barbershop was a place where mustachioed blades could hang out and sing together in mellow harmony. What happened? The mud-pack and the facial, the manicure, new-fangled tonics, lotions and powders, whirling electrical scalp treatments—and the barbershop quartet became a sentimental memory. Then, in 1938, a song-happy Tulsa tax attorney (and baritone) named Owen C. Cash organized the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America. Amateur singers flocked to join the society (25,000 members in 615 chapters in the U.S., Hawaii, Alaska, the Canal Zone and Canada), and last week 4,000 of them met in Washington, D.C. for their 16th annual convention.

Scoops & Swipes. Any area in the Statler Hotel (S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A. headquarters) big enough for four men rang out in close harmony. Young and old, starch-shirted and sport-shirted, coated and uncoated, they harmonized. They bobbed and ducked in unison, cupped their ears, blew pitch pipes, rolled their eyes, leaned on each other's shoulders, swayed and rose on their toes. As elevators stopped at quiet floors and the doors opened, *Carolina Moon* or *Bidin' My Time* blasted down the hall. From behind closed doors and in the men's room bits and pieces of *When You Wore a Tulip* or *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise* were audible.* On the street outside the hotel, quartets with such names as the Agri-culturalists (who dress in overalls, bannans, straw hats) from Wisconsin, or the Cleaf Chefs (chef's aprons and hats) from Indiana, gathered at a street lamp decorated with peppermint-stick paper and gave out with *Wait 'Til the Sun Shines*, *Nellie* or *Let the Rest of the World Go By*.

* One old favorite that is now officially banned by the society: *Sweet Adeline*. The society felt that the song had too close an association with the barbershop's neighbor, the saloon.

MUSIC

Often, S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A. men fell to in the lobby for some "woodshedding," a term for ad-lib singing by members who have never worked together. Naturally, woodshedding is considered a complex form of quartet work, since it calls for correct harmony and a working repertory of dozens of songs. This is no place for a *crow* (a non-singing member who might sometimes toss in an ad-lib dum-dee-dee), but calls for S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A. men who can drop (the bass singer drops down one octave at the close of the song), scoop (hitting a note on the flat side and sliding up to proper pitch) and swipe (singing a progression of two or more chords on a single word or syllable).

Smiles & Cheers. But the society did not spend all its time woodshedding. There were meetings, too. Basso Berney Simmer, 51, of St. Louis, a district manager for Acme Visible Records, Inc. (business files), was elected president of the organization. Most important of all were the contests. Beginning with semifinals, in which 40 quartets and 22 choruses participated, the convention ended with a wall-rocking sing-off for the quartet Medalist prize. In Constitution Hall (dubbed Harmony Hall for the occasion) the big finals began with a Wichita, Kans. group called the Orphans. Dressed in blue tailored coats and pants and red bow ties, the quartet sang a smooth *When the Bell in the Lighthouse Rings Ding, Dong*. Next came the Lytle Brothers from Sharon, Pa. (white coats, crimson pants, string ties). The boys were full of practiced gestures and snap as they gave out with *I'm Going Home* (to *Sunny Southland*) and *Drifting Back to Dreamland*. After a Canadian outfit called The Toronto Rhythmairs bowed off, the Statesmen from Sacramento, Calif. (white jackets with a red "S") bounced out with *Let's Fall in Love All Over Again* and a swinging smile medley—*Happy Days Are Here Again*, *Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag* (and Smile, Smile, Smile).

The last quartet was Amarillo's Four

Hearsemen (black-rimmed glasses, black frock coats, striped grey pants, black string tie), who trooped on grimly—their tenor is an undertaker—and sang, fittingly, *There's Always Room at Our House*. When the cheering finally died down, the 20 shirt-sleeved judges announced the winner: Wichita's Orphans. (The prizes: gold medals, a one-shot recording deal.)

The losers would at least take home with them the inspirational words of Convention Keynote Charles M. Merrill, a baritone and a justice of Nevada's Supreme Court: "When a quartet is really locked in [each voice adjusted to the perfect pitch to produce maximum chord ring], when that chord really rings, we sit spellbound not simply because we are being superlatively entertained. We are vicariously enjoying the precise thrill of accomplishment . . . We sang that chord. Ask yourselves in all honesty if that is not so. Barbershop is still essentially participation . . ."

Super Brother Act

Headquarters for one of the biggest entertainment enterprises in the U.S. are two crowded cubbyholes at the back of Super Cut-Rate Drugs on Seventh Street, N.W., in downtown Washington. The men who run it are two brothers from Hagerstown, Md., Irvin and Israel Feld, who opened the store in 1939 and spread out into music with the ease of an Alka-Seltzer foaming through a glass of water.

It started when Irv and Izzy decided that their lunch-counter customers might be in the mood for music. In the rear of their store, somewhere between notions and prescriptions, they put in a record department. That started an extraordinary chain reaction: the records sold faster than hot cakes, so the boys eased up on hot cakes and expanded the record department. As they found need for more room, the brothers set up separate Super Music City stores (three of them by now). When they did not have the right records to sell in their stores, they set up their own recording firm, Super Disk (which now releases through M-G-M Records), and their own record warehouse for jukebox

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"Say, Bill, the way your business has expanded the last few years, you must have a lot of transactions through New York. What bank do you use there?"

"Funny you should bring that up, Ed. We need a New York bank. I was telling our president that just the other day. But there are so many good banks. Which one

is the problem?"

"Why don't you do what we did, Bill? Talk first to your local bank. Chances are they'll say, 'Why don't you talk to the people at Chase?' Mine did."

"Is that so? As a matter of fact it fits in with something I read in a recent Chase ad. According to the ad, Chase

stands first in loans to American industry and first in relationships with other banks throughout the country."

"There you are, Bill. With all those connections in the areas where you buy and sell, doesn't it stand to reason that Chase is the bank for you in New York?"

"Guess I kind of sold myself, Ed, didn't I? The next time I'm in New York, I'm going to make a point of talking to the people at Chase."



"A week later I did talk to Chase"

"The first fellow I met was an officer in the bank's district organization. It seems Chase divides up the United States into territorial districts and assigns a group of officers and assistants to give personal attention to customers' needs in each area.

"It surprised me how well-informed this chap was businesswise about what was going on in my part of the country. It developed we had quite a few friends in common.

"He outlined several ways in which his bank could be useful to us. What really impressed me was Chase's organization for getting quick credit information on names anywhere in the country—or the world, for that matter. I was interested, too, in the bank's system for speeding collections through its great chain of banking correspondents.

"It so happens that we are just starting to develop an export market for our products. When I mentioned that, I found I had come to the right place. Chase prides itself on being a leader in providing banking information and service for world trade.

"Shortly after I got back home, we opened an account with Chase and it wasn't long before we learned 'It pays to do business with Chase.'"

It pays to do business with Chase
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(MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORP.)

operators. Super One-Stop Record Service. In 1949 they set up their own booking service, Super Attractions, and a year later went in for staging their own shows.

One memorable Super Attraction was the wedding the Felds threw in 1951 for Sister Rosetta Tharpe, a Negro singer who warbles spirituals with a howling hep-cat beat. The Felds took over Washington's Griffith Stadium for the ceremony, for which 20,000 people paid from 90¢ to \$2.50. The big spectacle included \$5,000 worth of fireworks displays of a duck laying eggs, a naval battle, and of Sister Rosetta herself. The Superfelds, whose bookings now range from Charleston, S.C. to Pittsburgh, also have sponsored more conventional types of entertainment, e.g., Guy Lombardo, Billy Eckstine, George Shearing, and such road-show stage favorites as *Don Juan in Hell*, *The Caine*



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Mutiny Court Martial and John Brown's Body.

What the Felds may attempt next is impossible to predict, but last week they presented a fine Gilbert & Sullivan production at Washington's Rock Creek Park. Before 2,800 in Carter Barron Amphitheater, a company called the American Savoyards gave a frisky performance of *The Mikado*. During the next three months a lot of Washingtonians will spend plenty of time in the amphitheater, watching such Feld-sponsored attractions as the National Symphony Orchestra, the Ballet Theatre, Sopranos Dorothy Kirsten and Roberta Peters, Violinist Mischa Elman, Spanish Dancer José Greco (ticket prices: \$1.25 to \$3.00). While most other summer-music producers—largely civic—have to beg for contributions to keep going, Irv (35) and Izzy (39) stand a good chance of making it pay. For them summer music may make a respectable contribution to their total income, boost record sales. Their estimated 1954 Super-
gross: \$2,000,000.

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RADIO & TELEVISION

Such Sweet Sorrow

There was scarcely a dry eye last week on a trio of radio & TV shows. On CBS, Funnymen Red Buttons' career came to a halt almost as suddenly as it began. Two years ago Buttons came from nowhere (small parts in show business) to rank in the first five of TV's most popular shows. This year his rating dipped sharply and, though it strengthened in the past few months, Sponsor Maxwell House Coffee decided to drop him for a completely new show this fall.

Buttons will undoubtedly be back, but the award-winning *Your Show of Shows* said goodbye forever. The five-year-old revue was one of the few shows to run 1½ hours and was notable for raising Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca to stardom, for television pioneering in ballet and opera, for its parodies of U.S. and foreign films, and for pantomime sketches. Both Caesar and Coca will appear next year in their own separate TV shows, while veteran Producer-Director Max Liebman will take on the new job of overseeing NBC's big color TV spectacles planned for fall.

The breakup of *Your Show of Shows* caused a major displacement of the venerable *Voice of Firestone*, whose semiclassical music has been heard for 25 years over NBC radio and for five years over NBC-TV on the same day and time (Mon. 8:30 p.m.). NBC pre-empted the Firestone time period for its forthcoming Sid Caesar show and was hopeful that Firestone would drop the *Voice* and sponsor Caesar. Instead, Firestone stubbornly insisted on staying with its old format of orchestra and opera singers, whose opening theme (*If I Could Tell You*) and closing theme (*In My Garden*) were both written by Idabelle Firestone, wife of the founder of the company. Firestone also refused alternate time periods suggested by NBC. After both sides read polite but edgy announcements over the air, Firestone this week took its radio and TV business to rival ABC, where the *Voice* will continue to be heard, as usual, on Monday nights at 8:30.

Der Bingle Jr.

Bing Crosby has four sons, and all of them—after a fashion—can sing. But the 10-year-old twins, Philip and Dennis, are dedicated to running the 25,000-acre family ranch in Nevada, and 16-year-old Lindsay is too young to have settled on a life work. That leaves 20-year-old Gary Crosby. This week, in Dad's footsteps, Gary opened the first show of his own recorded series (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS radio).

Gary was not thrown into show business on a sink-or-swim basis. His father's good friends and old employees, Bill Morrow and Murdo Mackenzie, are directing and writing the *Gary Crosby Show*; the announcer is veteran Ken Carpenter, a longtime Bing sidekick, who remarked cheerfully that he was set for life "as long as

I don't run out of Croshys." Father Bing himself supplied a word of tactful advice ("Always be on time") and thoughtfully stayed away from the first recording session just in case he might make his son nervous.

The program is a carbon of Bing's. Gary sings a few songs, swaps a few wisecracks with Carpenter, has a few guest stars (on the first show: the spiritual-singing team of Jane Russell, Rhonda Fleming, Beryl Davis and Connie Haines). His untrained voice is small, but he has the familiar Crosby ease of delivery if not the master's resonance. In fact, Gary has just about everything except his father's sponsor (General Electric). CBS plans to keep the show running throughout the summer—sponsor or not—but it will then go off the



GARY CROSBY & FATHER
Everything but the master's sponsor.

air so that Gary can return to Stanford University for his senior year (he is majoring in speech and drama, has about a C average).

At college, Gary will be available for guest appearances on radio and TV, but after graduation he expects to have a new employer: "I've got to count on two years in the armed forces, so I really won't get started full-time for a long time." He also thinks that, by then, his career will not be quite so much a family production: "I want to make good, but I'd just as soon get there on my own."

The Busy Air

¶ In Manhattan, three TV shows searching for new material hit on the same subject. Next week, on the same day and at the same time (Sun. 5 p.m.), CBS's *Adventure* and NBC's *Hallmark Hall of Fame* will do shows on Marco Polo. CBS's *You Are There* has also bought the script—but not announced the production

date—of a play entitled *The Great Adventures of Marco Polo*.

¶ In Cincinnati, a 24-year-old local radio show called *Moon River* was dropped last year from station WLW because it was thought to be out-of-date. Next week, because protests have never let up, syrupy *Moon River* will be back on the air at its usual time—midnight—with its usual freight of soothing nightcap music.

¶ In Chicago, researchers of Columbia College (a speech school with a radio & TV department) queried 182 TV executives on the future of television. They estimated that 1) the industry might create as many as 37,000 new jobs in the next five years, 2) there will be twice as many stations on the air in 1960 as there are now, 3) color TV is not likely to enlarge substantially the number of people working in the industry.

¶ In Nashville, two TV and three radio stations signed three-year contracts with the city's newspapers agreeing to pay for the space used to list daily programs. The contract ended a five-month boycott of program listings by Nashville's two daily newspapers.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, June 18. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Let's Pretend (Sat. 1:30 p.m., CBS). Kaye Jordan in *Ondine*.

Spotlight on Paris (Sat. 7 p.m., NBC). Recordings by French entertainers.

NBC Concert Orchestra (Sun. 6:30 p.m., NBC). Conducted by Joseph Littau.

The Cobbs (Sun. 9 p.m., CBS). A comedy series, with William Demarest, Hope Emerson.

My First 50 Years (Mon. 6:15 p.m., CBS). Lyman Bryson interviews Irish Poet-Playwright Lord Dunsany.

Best of All (Mon. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Popular music by U.S. composers.

Six-Shooter (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., NBC). A western series, with Jimmy Stewart.

TELEVISION

Person to Person (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Ed Murrow interviews Guy Lombardo and Novelist Fannie Hurst.

National Open (Sat. 4 p.m., NBC). The final round from Baltusrol (see SPORTS).

Saturday Night Revue (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). Eddie Albert, with Alan Young.

Adventure (Sun. 5 p.m., CBS). "The Story of Marco Polo" and a documentary about the Sahara. Guest: Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

Hall of Fame (Sun. 5 p.m., NBC). Sarah Churchill in *Flight from Cathay*.

Toast of the Town (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS). Ed Sullivan's sixth anniversary show, with Jackie Gleason, Art Carney, Risé Stevens, Hal Le Roy.

Philo TV Playhouse (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). Eva Marie Saint in *Write Me Out Forever*.

U.S. Steel Hour (Tues. 6:30 p.m., ABC). *Fearful Decision*, with Ralph Bellamy, Sam Levine, Meg Mundy.



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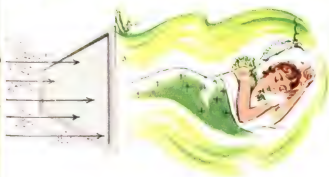
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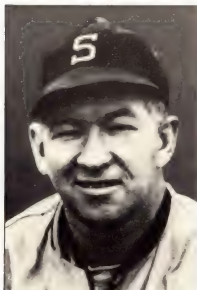
PIONEERS IN BETTER TRANSPORTATION

EDUCATION

Report Card

¶ In a brief ceremony at the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis last week, the three midshipmen who had been denied their commissions pending a completed security check solemnly raised their right hands and thus became officers, seven days after the rest of their class. Said the Navy's official release: "The Navy regrets the workload involved in screening and clearing such a large number of men in the time available resulted in a delay in the clearances of the three men."

¶ Michigan State College was having its troubles with members of its football squad. Within a few months, Star End Bill Quinlan has been dropped from the squad after being involved in a brawl



COACH DAUGHERTY

Some of the squad were off side.

outside a sorority house. Fullback Vic Postula got into a fist fight, ended up by knocking some of his opponent's teeth out, and Halfback Gene Lekenta is facing trial for assault on another student. Last week Freshman Howard Graves, 24, co-winner of a "Most Valuable Player" award this spring, was out on bail after a 19-year-old M.S.C. coed accused him of rape. Otherwise, said Coach Hugh ("Duff") Daugherty, "our squad's behavior is as good as any in the country."

¶ Finally fed up with an accumulation of ugly incidents, Northwestern University shut down the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity house—the first fraternity ever banned in the university's history. Among the grievances against it: 40% of the brothers are on academic probation; eight have been suspended from school after unauthorized drinking parties; one, upon leaving such a party, got into an automobile accident in which his coed date was killed.

¶ In the face of a sudden cloudburst, the University of Michigan chalked up a possible record for the shortest commencement in history. Shouted President Harlan Hatcher as the ceremonies—and the rains—began: "All degrees listed in the commencement program become effective this month," and that was that.

The Lesson

For six weeks a House Special Committee, headed by Tennessee's Republican B. (for Brazilla) Carroll Reece, has been probing into the doings of the nation's tax-free foundations. Are the foundations—most of which were established by America's most successful capitalists—promoting socialism, or perhaps even subversion? By Reece's standards there seemed to be some evidence that they are.

To start things off, the committee's Research Director Norman Dodd submitted a preliminary report that blandly hinted that there is something sinister about the foundations. Among other things, said he, they have been concerned with "internationalism," and some had even been guilty of "training individuals and servicing agencies to render advice to the Executive Branch of the Federal Government." As the hearings went on, a troop of witnesses added other bits and pieces. One denounced the Kinsey reports, which had been partially financed by the Rockefeller Foundation; another blasted Studebaker's Board Chairman Paul Hoffman, former president of the Ford Foundation, for backing UNESCO. Finally, last week, fed up with such charges, supported, he felt, largely by quotations taken out of context, Ohio's Democratic Representative Wayne L. Hays decided to teach the committee a lesson as to just how silly its proceedings are.

At the time Hays pulled his stunt, the committee's Assistant Research Director Thomas McNiece was on the stand trying to prove that the foundations had been backing a planned American economy. Representative Hays interrupted, saying that he had a quotation or two about which he wanted McNiece's opinion. The quotations:

¶ "But all agree that there can be no question whatever that some remedy must be found, and quickly found, for the misery and wretchedness which press so heavily at the moment on a very large majority of the poor."

¶ "Every effort must therefore be made that fathers of families receive a wage sufficient to meet adequate ordinary domestic needs."

¶ "For the effect of civil change and revolution has been to divide society into two widely different castes. On the one side there is the party which holds the power because it holds the wealth. . . . On the other side there is the needy and powerless multitude, sore and suffering."

Said McNiece when Representative Hays had finished: ". . . All of these—I do not know your source—are closely

JULY

HOLIDAY

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Said Representative Hays: "The first and last [quotations] were from the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII on labor. The middle was from the Encyclical of Pope Pius XI."

Kudos

Amherst College

Dag Hammarskjöld U.N. Secretary
General LL.D.

Citation: "You are a mountain climber . . . but the long, slow ascent from war-born confusion in which you have played so significant a role, has shown that man-made obstacles are far more challenging than those raised by nature . . ."

Bates College

John Phillips Marquand . . . LL.D.
Sherman Adams, assistant to President
Eisenhower LL.D.
Millicent C. McIntosh, president of
Barnard College LL.D.

Brown University

Harold W. Dodds, president of Princeton
University LL.D.
Nathan Pusey, president of Harvard
University LL.D.

Citation: "Clear-sighted and luminous exponent of the liberal arts; strikingly modest but courageous administrator."

Cambridge University

Ruth Draper, monologist . . . LL.D.

Citation: (translated from the Latin): "One man in his time plays many parts, but it is unusual to find someone who not only played her parts one after another, but several at once . . . Yet . . . has anyone . . . seen her in the character of academic woman? It is surely time that she added 'fabular togata' to her repertoire; so let us clothe her in our scarlet gown . . ."

Colby College

Andrew Wyeth, painter . . . D.F.A.
Admiral Hyman G. Rickover . . Sc.D.

Citation: "Deviser of the nuclear reactor that led to the first undersea vessel powered by nuclear energy, you have enabled men for the first time to go down into the sea in ships wholly independent of the atmosphere . . ."

Elwyn Brooks White LL.D.

Citation: "Tolerant observer of human foibles, implacable foe of all forms of tyranny, lover of nature and friend of furred and feathered life, a modern Thoreau at home in both Brooklins . . ."

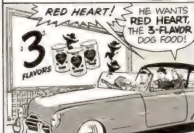
Colgate University

Robert Moses LL.D.
Peter J. W. Debye, Nobel-Prizewinning
chemist LL.D.
John Hay Whitney LL.D.

Dartmouth College

Roy E. Larsen, president of TIME Inc.,
and chairman of the National Cit-

Poor Little Rich Dog...

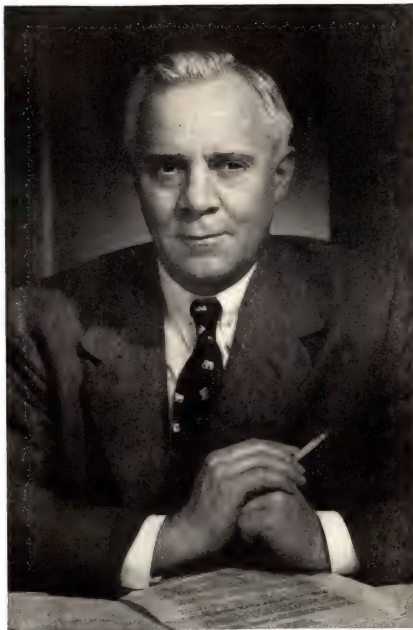


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J. W. Robinson's famous
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Freight Traffic Manager
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Occidental College

Henry Robinson Luce, editor-in-chief of TIME, LIFE and FORTUNE . . . LL.D.

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University of Rochester

Agnes Meyer, wife of board chairman of the Washington Post . . . L.H.D.

Citation: "For her enmity to all forms of intolerance, political corruption and witch-hunting demagoguery, Mrs. Meyer has incurred the wrath of notorious enemies of our common humanity . . ."

Smith College

Oveta Culp Hobby LL.D.
Agnes de Mille, choreographer . L.H.D.
Dorothy Canfield Fisher . . . L.H.D.

Tufts College

Senator John F. Kennedy . . . LL.D.
Governor Christian Herter . . L.H.D.
Richard Rodgers, composer . . L.H.D.

Citation: "By your great gifts you have made light and bright the hearts of men and women everywhere."

Williams College

General Alfred Gruenther . . . LL.D.
Grayson Louis Kirk, president of Columbia University LL.D.
Arthur Bliss Perry, headmaster of Milton Academy L.H.D.

Citation: "A teacher in the great tradition presiding over the destinies of Milton Academy with . . . insight into the human heart an ability to help to form human character . . ."

Whittier College (Whittier, Calif.)

Richard Nixon LL.D.

SCIENCE

Echo from Mars

The great radio telescope now under construction at Jodrell Bank near Manchester, England will have a "steerable" saucer of copper mesh 250 ft. in diameter. Acting like the concave mirror of an optical telescope, it will concentrate radio frequency waves sent to the earth by dark "radio stars" and faraway galaxies. Mostly it will be busy with the complex problems of astrophysics, but last week Professor A. C. Lovell, head of Jodrell Bank research station, admitted that the great dish might be used occasionally on projects with more immediate popular appeal.

If equipped with suitable transmitting equipment, said Professor Lovell, the telescope could bounce a radar pulse off the moon and get an echo $2\frac{1}{2}$ seconds later not as a faint pip but as a deafening roar. It might also get echoes from Venus and Mars. If there were a spaceship cruising near the moon, the telescope could track it easily. If spaceships ever cruise among the planets, such giant dishes may guide them through space like the radars that help airliners land on fogbound, present-day airports.

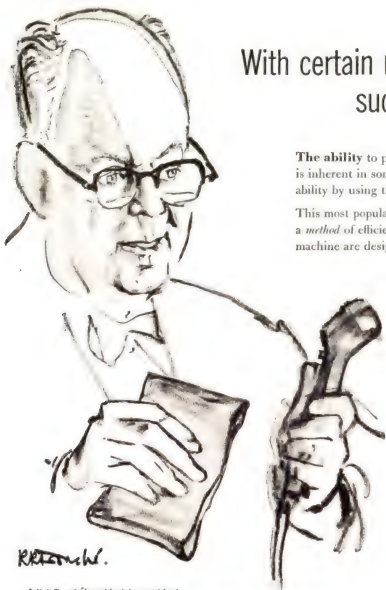
Birds v. Radar

Bird lovers are notorious worriers; they worry, among other things, about hunters, egg collectors and cats. Now they have a new worry: radar. In Germany last week, they were blaming radar for leading wild birds and homing pigeons astray. During a recent race of 8,000 British pigeons, nearly all of the contestants disappeared on a 210-mile course between Wales and Northern Ireland. Such "catastrophe flights" are normally blamed on bad weather, but the German ornithologists say that they are commoner now than they used to be. A pigeon race near Karlsruhe lost 3,500 out of 6,000 entries. Of 2,500 Bavarian pigeons, only six crossed the finish line.

Many ornithologists and pigeon breeders believe that radars, which are increasing in Europe both in numbers and power, interfere in some unknown way with the mysterious directional sense that guides birds. Some of them report seeing migrating wild ducks enter the field of a powerful radar, wheel in confusion and fly south instead of north.

One of the supporters of this theory is Professor Rudolf Drost of the Helgoland Ornithological Institute. During the war he saw flocks of birds fly "turbulently" when hit by radar beams. Crows disoriented in this way took several minutes to regain flyability.

Germany's alarmed pigeon fanciers have now engaged Professor Abraham Esau, radar specialist in Aachen's Technical School, to look into the situation. Dr. Esau is sure that birds are guided by some type of electromagnetic waves. If scientists can find out what waves confuse a bird's "instruments," they may learn how the mysterious sense works.



Artist Bouché's subject is president of a chemical company and a TIME-MASTER user. He holds in his hand the unique Dictabelt record.

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MEDICINE

Freud? Fiddlesticks!

Victorian aunts had their own cure for the neurotic. "Fiddlesticks," they would cry, tapping a silver-headed cane firmly on the ground. "Just pull yourself together, dear, and you'll be all right." This outlook, combined with some Nietzschean notions about will power, is the essence of the psychological method practiced by Chicago's Dr. Abraham Low, Vienna-born Dr. Low, 63, who is associate professor of psychiatry at the University of Illinois, heads a growing movement (2,000 members) called Recovery, Inc., and dedicated to a kind of correspondence-school psychotherapy.

The Freudian idea that the neurotic patient is controlled by drives beyond his conscious understanding is repugnant to Dr. Low. Says he severely: "It is inconceivable that adult human life can be ordered without a Will." The Will that orders the lives of his patients is strictly Dr. Low's own.

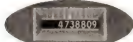
Coffee & Cake. Recovery, Inc. (a non-profit organization in which members are nevertheless encouraged to make "free-will offerings") somewhat resembles Alcoholics Anonymous, but instead of keeping members off the bottle, it keeps them listening to Low. The patient joins a local Recovery chapter, meets at least once a week with fellow members to exchange symptoms over coffee and cake. He is assigned the telephone number of a cured "senior" to call when in trouble. Dr. Low treats members through lectures, reinforced by Recovery's 400-page bible, *Mental Health Through Will-Training* (5,000 copies sold to date), a newsletter, and long-playing records of Low's exhortations at Recovery meetings.

In essence, Low tells his patients that when they have unreasonable fears, they can cure them by realizing that they are unreasonable. If they suffer from "sensations" (e.g., pains, spasms), they must practice "muscle control" ("When the abdomen tightens up, command your muscles to continue the meal"). Members are instructed not to dramatize themselves, not to make their own diagnosis, not to question the doctor's orders ("Patients have an absurd hankering for explanations and probings"). Patients who fail in these respects are known as "saboteurs," those who go on extravagantly about symptoms are "defeatists." Says Dr. Low: "I am the authority."

His method is illustrated by some cases: ¶ One woman lamented: "I can't plan. I get flustered when I begin, and then I do not know what to do next." When Dr. Low rejected her complaint as "devoid of logic," she shouted: "I merely wish to make you understand my point of view." Dr. Low quickly set her straight: "Whether I understand . . . you is of no significance. The thing that counts is that you make every effort to understand me."

¶ For five years, one patient suffered from an itchy scalp and an obsession that made him drum wherever he was—on ta-

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before they print on tape. This new feature on an American 10-key machine simplifies changes, corrections.

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bles, walls, etc. Reports Dr. Low: "The patient was asked: 'Why don't you stop drumming?' . . . The patient replied: 'I like music.' He was promptly reprimanded [by Dr. Low] for daring to offer a nonsensical explanation of this sort." In the end the patient realized that he was practicing sabotage, and managed to cut down on his drumming.

¶ "Gertrude" was afraid of death. But Dr. Low taught her that "we cannot be exceptions, and if the average man and woman can think of death, we can too." Today, reports Gertrude, "I live only a short distance from three cemeteries, but most of the time I am not even aware of their being there."

Friends & Foe. Most Recovery members swear by Low's laws; many claim that he helped them where psychoanalysts failed. The group now has 75 chapters spread across the U.S. from Greenwich, Conn. to Bremerton, Wash.

Last week, fresh from a bang-up Recovery session in Detroit, where he addressed 1,000 people, Dr. Low 1) conducted a big (250 people) indoctrination session in Chicago, 2) helped run five daily Recovery panel sessions, and 3) held a Recovery-style class for his own private patients. Dr. Low's fellow psychiatrists, for the most part, do not openly condemn his methods, although at least one has called them "a throwback to the worst kind of authoritarian psychiatry." Despite such sabotage and defeatism, Dr. Low may yet try to teach all America how to pull itself together.

Capsules

¶ Celebrating his 60th year as a practicing physician, Dr. Frank Wiedemann, 81, of Terre Haute, Ind., canceled all debts owed him by his patients, explained: "There are many doctors who are too mercenary. I like to think of medicine as a humanitarian vocation. . ."

¶ Patients being treated with drugs for hypertension should take their own blood-pressure readings at home for comparison with those taken in the doctor's office. So says Dr. Edward Freis of Georgetown University Hospital. In treating 32 hypertension cases, he found office readings consistently higher than those taken at home. Had the patient's office readings alone been considered, an overdose of drugs would have been administered. Main reason for lower blood pressure at home: less fear and apprehension.

¶ According to an American Dental Association survey, public demand for dental care has nearly doubled in one generation. In 1920 less than one-fourth of the nation's population (30 million) had their teeth fixed; in 1952 more than 42%—some 65 million persons—sought dental care.

¶ Reserpine, a new drug derived from the root of India's *Rauwolfia serpentina* plant, which, like chlorpromazine calms disturbed mental patients, is now on trial in many U.S. mental hospitals. Reserpine, which has virtually no harmful side effects, has reduced the need for brain operations and electric-shock therapy.

WHY BE A DOCTOR

Why do men and women become doctors? Out of love for their fellow humans? For the fascination of medical science? To turn a respectable fast buck? Most doctors are hard put to diagnose their own professional motives. In a collection of essays and excerpts, Dr. Noah D. Fabricant, himself a noted Chicago ear, nose and throat specialist, lets 50 of the world's best-known doctors and ex-doctors explain Why We Became Doctors (Grune & Stratton; \$3.75). The medical men who are most articulate about their choice generally have achieved equal or greater fame as writers. Among the contributions:



**W. SOMERSET
MAUGHAM**

Sometime London medical student who wrote his experiences into his semi-autobiographical novel Of Human Bondage (1915):

THE medical profession did not interest me . . . but it gave me a chance of living in London and so gaining the experience of life that I hankered after . . . I saw how men died. I saw how they bore pain . . . I saw the dark lines that despair drew on a face . . . I do not know a better training for a writer than to spend some years in the medical profession . . ."



**HAVELOCK
ELLIS
(1859-1939)**

Pioneer student of human sexuality:

FIRST profession I ever thought of entering [at 15] was . . . the Church. [Later] I wanted to be a doctor [only] because I needed a doctor's education . . . Otherwise I could never have gained a confident grasp of the problem of sex . . . I should have dropped and left no mark . . ."



**ALBERT
SCHWEITZER**

Winner of the 1952 Nobel Peace Prize, who dropped a career in theology to become a medical missionary in French Equatorial Africa:

IT struck me as incomprehensible that I should be allowed to lead such a happy life when I saw so many people around me wrestling with care . . . I wanted to be a doctor that I might

be able to work without having to talk . . . This new form of activity I could not represent as talking about the religion of love, but only as putting it into practice . . ."

**OLIVER
WENDELL
HOLMES
(1809-94)**

Doctor and author (Autocrat of the Breakfast Table):

I KNOW I might have made an indifferent lawyer—and I think I may make a tolerable physician—I did not like the one, and I do like the other . . . If you would wax thin and savage, like a half-starved spider—be a lawyer; if you would go off like an opium eater in love with your starry delusions—be a doctor."



A. J. CRONIN

Scottish-born London doctor turned bestselling novelist, who caustically described the medical profession (The Citadel, Adventures in Two Worlds):

I'VE always had this queer urge to be a writer [but] I had to do something sensible . . . That's why I went in for medicine. It was safe and practical."



**SIR WILFRED T.
GRENFELL
(1865-1940)**

British medical missionary:

I . . . discussed the matter with our country family doctor. [When] he produced a pickled human brain, I was thrilled . . . It attracted me as did the gramophone, the camera, the automobile."



SPORT

"Come On, Little Ball!"

[See Cover]

Not long ago, the nation's most prominent amateur golfer and one of the game's leading professionals played a friendly round at Washington's Burning Tree Club. Professional Sam Snead was awed into unaccustomed silence by all the folderol that accompanied the game ("All them cops, and you know what they got in their golf bags? Tommy guns!"). Although he noted some bad kinks in his partner's performance, he offered no advice. Coming up to the 18th tee, though, Snead could no longer keep silent. "Mind if I tell you one thing?" he asked. His partner said no, not at all. "Stick your fanny out, Mr. President," said Snead. The President of the U.S. obeyed, and cracked out a drive 230 yards down the middle of the fairway.

Another President of the U.S., Ulysses S. Grant, once observed that the game of golf looked like good exercise, but he asked, "What's the little white ball for?" Dwight Eisenhower, Sam Snead and about 4,000,000 other American golfers could have told him. To the casual eye, golf can seem deceptively undramatic. Golfers do not run or jump or kick or pounce or pound or shoot off firearms. Their play seems unhurried, gentlemanly, almost old-fashioned. Yet, in the pursuit of the little white ball, men find an extraordinary challenge to muscle and mind, the test of skill, and the thrill of chance-taking. They also find camaraderie and relaxation. To some, golf may merely mean the smell of the freshly mown grass and the sight of the sudden, wind-blown hill. To some, it may



Harris & Ewing

GOLFER EISENHOWER

From an expert, fundamental advice,

just be a pleasing setting to sell insurance. To some, it is a soothing therapy for the peptic ulcer; to others, especially those who make their living at it, it is a good way to acquire one.

This year Americans will pursue 33 million rounds of golf. For the privilege, they will spend something like a third of a billion dollars on everything from wooden tees to gin & tonics on the 19th Hole. After a marked drop of popularity in the '30s, golf today is more than ever a national American sport.

What brought the ancient sport back to popularity? Among the reasons: 1) the increase in leisure time and the five-day week; 2) a growing trend away from private country-club golf toward public golf (construction of military and company courses has been a major factor); 3) improvement in equipment and in courses; 4) diligent promotional gilding of the golfing lily and, more than anything else, 5) the appearance of an exciting generation of durable (and now middle-aged) champion golfers. Of the great stars, no one has done as much to bring about the revival of the game as Samuel Jackson Snead, a brawny, balding Virginian of 42, with the drawl of a mountaineer and perhaps the most graceful, powerful swing ever seen on a course.

Why He Is Great. By the book, Snead is by no means the greatest golfer around. The Professional Golfers Association lists him fourth among the top professionals of the half-century, after Ben Hogan, Walter Hagen and Gene Sarazen. Sam Snead's golf glory lies in the fact that, more than any other player, he has made the game seem dramatic and human.

He literally addresses the ball. "Come on, little ball," he will mutter. "Now sit up there on the green like ah say." Snead lacks Hogan's machine-tool precision, but he is as durable as Sarazen, as handy with the irons as Byron Nelson, and he out-drives Bobby Jones in his prime by a full 20 yards. Like Babe Ruth (to whom his fans often compare him) and the little girl with the curl, Snead is sensationally good when he is good—and when he is bad he is horrid. He is never dull. He plays a gambling, gambling game that hypnotizes the spectators. He rarely plays it safe. Unlike the cautious Hogan, Snead likes to take chances. He usually aims at

GREEN ACRES



Tammy Weber

ARCHITECT JONES

IN moments of trial—when a sliced drive carries out of bounds or a topped iron shot skitters into the rough—golfers are apt to explode into club-throwing wrath and curse the fiends who laid out so careless a maze. Nothing could be more unfair. Nearly all the nation's 5,000 golf courses, with their green acres of barbed landscape, are carefully planned tests of skill. Artful purpose goes into the spotting of the bunkers and traps, the contours and creeks and greens of well-planned holes such as those pictured on the next four pages.

In the U.S., no man has been more successful in the science of designing golf courses than Robert Trent Jones, 48. A onetime tournament player (until ulcers forced him to relax) and something of an expert in surveying, hydraulics, horticulture and agronomy, Landscape Architect Jones has quietly masterminded a revolution in the design of golf courses. Before he came on the scene, most American courses were built on the "penal principle." Hazards were everywhere, to punish any player whose shots strayed from the straight & narrow.

Jones believes that golfers should be given strategic alternatives. He sets sand traps, trims rough and crooks fairways so

that high-handicap players can fire a safe, conservative route to the green. But he always puts in a challenge for the expert, a long carry over trees or water to a good approach position, a reward for accuracy and daring. He lays out rolling, contoured greens where pins can be placed in the open or tightened up behind protecting bunkers.

In a sense, the last 25 years have been a continuing duel between golfers and golf-course architects. As the golfers kept scoring lower and lower—thanks, in part, to improved equipment—the architects had to think up new ways to keep the courses from getting too easy. With balanced, steel-shafted clubs and hopped-up golf balls, good players were going out on established courses and easily smacking their tee shots past once-dangerous hazards. Duffers and mediocre golfers were running into all the trouble. Architect Jones has been forced to drain swampland, dam creeks and rearrange sand dunes in his continuing effort to lay out holes with both character (i.e., a combination of problems and pleasure) and beauty. He always tries for the balance that will satisfy the average amateur and try the skill of the professional.

When he was remodeling the 4th at Baltusrol (top, opposite page), Jones put so much new character into the hole that club members objected. Now the hole was far too tough, they said. Politely, Jones disagreed. Next time he played a round with the chairman of the construction committee and the club pro, Jones stepped to the 4th tee, walloped an iron shot to the green, and watched it drop into the cup on the first bounce.



BALTUSROL'S 4TH (183 YDS., PAR 3) HAS TWO-LEVEL GREEN WITH ROLL TOWARD WATER. TEE IS AT LEFT REAR

U.S. GOLF HOLES

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY ROBERT LANDRY

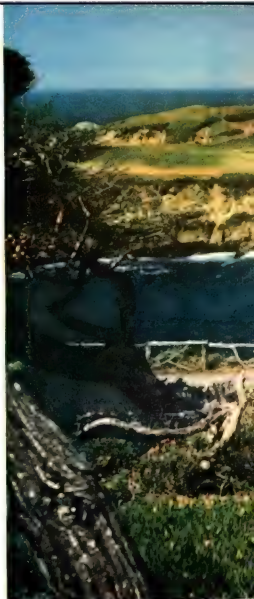
FAIRWAYS AND GREENS OF BALTUSROL, AT SPRINGFIELD, N.J., WERE REMODELED FOR 1954 OPEN TOURNAMENT





AUGUSTA'S 16TH (190 yds., par 3), President Eisenhower's favorite hole, was designed by Club President Robert Tyre (Bobby) Jones and Architect Robert Trent Jones (no kin). It requires long water carry to tightly trapped green.

CYPRESS POINT'S 16TH (222 yds., par 3) at Monterey Peninsula, Calif., is one of golf's sternest tests. Drive to green must carry over wind, water and rocks, though alternate route requiring second shot, is provided by patch of fairway *short, near* across ocean inlet. Bing Crosby once made hole in one here.



PONTE VEDRA'S 3RD (537 yds., par 5), in Florida, calls for 240-yd. drive across traps

covering acre of ground. Safer drive over lagoon to right of traps means extra stroke.



PINE VALLEY'S 13TH (446 yds., par 4), in New Jersey, is dog-leg



with tee hidden by trees at right. Long second shot must avoid traps.



OAKLAND HILLS' 16TH (399 yds., par 4), near Detroit, rings tricky green with

water and traps. Ben Hogan won 1951 Open on this course, one of nation's toughest.



YALE'S 6TH (225 yds., par 3), at New Haven, Conn., on one of best college courses, confronts driver with green divided by dip in middle and surrounded by woods, traps and water.

BROADMOOR'S 7TH (466 yds., par 4), under Front Range of the Rockies at Colorado Springs, is dog-leg with two-level green. A slice into pines at left forces difficult recovery shot.



the pin. Says he: "You play 'em for the money, or you play 'em safe. That's why you win and why you lose."

This week Snead faced perhaps the biggest test of his career in the U.S. Open. It is Sam Snead's long-standing private war. He has started in the Open 13 times; each time he has failed. Some shrewd golfers—Bobby Jones for one—have flatly predicted that Snead will never make it. A lot of Snead fans are betting that this time he will. Most agree with Gene Sarazen, who says: "If he doesn't make it this time, he never will."

The Battleground. For days before the big battle began, at New Jersey's Baltusrol Golf Club, the contestants toiled along the fairways and the fast, king-size greens, trying to learn the secrets of the layout. Baltusrol's lower course had been redesigned by famed Golf-Course Architect Robert Trent Jones (see box). Its slim fairways were stretched out to 7,027 yards and its bunkers and greens were scientifically remodeled—at a cost of \$50,000—to test the skill of the most accurate golfer. For a year Chief Greenskeeper Edward Casey and his staff worked over the course, improving the turf, coddling the greens. This week 30 maintenance men swarmed over Baltusrol, shaving the greens to a regulation three-sixteenths-inch height while power mowers drolled along the edges of the fairways, barbering the marginal rough to a 2½-inch crew cut (in the deep rough—"tiger country"—to the pros—the grass is five inches high and very thick). Workers unreeling nearly ten miles of rope, fixing it into place along the entire course with 2,100 stakes (for the first time in Open history the spectators are to be kept on the sidelines).

The 162 qualified Open contestants came from all over the U.S. and as far away as Australia and South Africa, chosen in 32 regional qualifying rounds from 1,938 hopefuls. Among them were such invited past masters as Gene Sarazen (two Open championships), Craig Wood, Lawson Little, Lloyd Mangrum, Lew Worsham and Cary Middlecoff (one each). The defending champion, Ben Hogan, was still weak from a siege of virus and uneasy about his chances of a fifth victory.⁹ The sentimental favorite, the man most golf fans hoped would win, was unquestionably Sam Snead.

He has won just about everything else in big-time golf. He holds three Professional Golfers' Association championships, three Masters, one British Open, three Canadian Opens, and nearly 70 other officially sponsored P.G.A. and U.S.G.A. titles. He has been acclaimed Golfer of the Year twice; he has picked up titles in Panama, South Africa, Brazil and Argentina. He has played for bus fare in local Chamber of Commerce matches and for five figures in the big, well-promoted, postwar tournaments (e.g., the Tam O'Shanter, the Palm Beach Round Robin). He has won more tournaments of all kinds than any other golfer, living or dead. He



Reproduced by permission, Coor, 1950, the New Yorker Magazine, Inc.
"This is the big one, folks . . . Now he's sighting the putt . . . Now he's bending over and addressing the ball . . . Now he's glaring in my direction . . ."

has come tantalizingly close to winning the Open, too—and (in 1938) he has also fallen as low as a tie for 38th place.

The Open War. In 1937, on his first start, he blazed over the Oakland Hills Course at Detroit with a record-breaking 283. "Laddie," said Tommy Armour, "you've just won yourself a championship." But another youngster, Ralph Guldahl, finished with an even more sensational 281. In 1947 Snead tied with Lew Worsham to win the Open, then lost the play-off by the length of a 30½-inch putt. In 1949 he missed a tie with Winner Cary Middlecoff by a single stroke. Last year, at Oakmont, Pa., he was runner-up to his longtime rival, Ben Hogan.

Snead's most disastrous performance was undoubtedly the famed 18th hole at

Spring Mill near Philadelphia in the Open of 1939. It has become a classic of a kind. His first shot hooked into the rough and left him with a sandy lie. Instead of playing a cautious game, Sam took a custom-made 2½ wood from his bag and aimed a daring shot right at the pin. He flubbed it; the ball landed in a fairway bunker. Trying desperately for the green, he slashed an iron shot that landed on an overhanging lip above a sandtrap, rolled back toward the sand and hung precariously in long grass. On his fourth shot, with one foot in the trap and one out, Snead over-shot the green and fell into another bunker. Then someone told him he had to get down in two to tie Byron Nelson. He snapped: "Why didn't somebody tell me this before?" He was so rattled that his

THE IDEAL 18

From the nation's top golf courses Golf-Course Architect Robert Trent Jones has selected the 18 holes which, in his opinion, present the toughest challenge to the championship golfer. Jones's ideal course measures 7,375 yds., has a par 72. The Jones course:

- Hole No. 1,** the 18th hole at Cleveland's Canterbury Golf Club, 441 yds., par 4.
- No. 2,** the 2nd at Atlanta's Peachtree Golf Club, 560 yds., par 5.
- No. 3,** the 11th at Augusta Country Club, 445 yds., par 4.
- No. 4,** the 3rd at Ponte Vedra Links, Fla.*
- No. 5,** Baltusrol's 4th.*
- No. 6,** the 16th at the National Links, Southampton, L.I., 365 yds., par 4.
- No. 7** is also the 7th at the Colorado Springs Broadmoor Golf Club.*
- No. 8,** the 9th at the Yale Golf Course.*
- No. 9,** the 14th at Chicago's Olympia Fields, 440 yds., par 4.
- No. 10,** the 16th at Oakland Hills, Mich.*

- No. 11,** the 13th at Pine Valley, N.J.*
- No. 12,** the 16th at Cypress Point Golf Club, Pebble Beach, Calif.*
- No. 13** is also the 13th at The Dunes, Myrtle Beach, S.C., 590 yds., par 5.
- No. 14,** the 18th at Pinehurst, 423 yds., par 4.
- No. 15,** the 15th at Pittsburgh's Oakmont Country Club, 458 yds., par 4.
- No. 16,** the 16th at Augusta National.*
- No. 17,** the 16th at Merion Golf Club in Pennsylvania, 445 yds., par 4.
- No. 18,** the 18th at Pebble Beach (Calif.) Golf Course, 540 yds., par 5.

* See color pages.

⁹ Hogan shares the record of four Opens with Bobby Jones and the late Willie Anderson.

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But on the P.G.A. tournament circuit this winter, *more pros chose and played the Titleist than any other ball!*

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For those who like a top grade ball that's tougher, we suggest Finalist or Bedford; for those who want good golf at a budget price, Green Ray or Pinnacle.

game collapsed. He made the green on a three putt. He took the hole in three putts that would have appalled a Sunday duffer, and pushed his way through the silent crowd muttering, "Ah threw it away. Ah threw it away."

Why He Goes Wrong. Some experts attribute Snead's blowups to lack of intelligent planning. "If Walter Hagen could caddy for him [and call his shots for him]," Gene Sarazen once said, "he could win the Open and everything else." Sam is inclined to agree. But in many a critical match Snead has clubbed his way out of seemingly certain defeat with a shrewd shot. Other 10th-Hole critics attribute his failures to erratic putting, but Snead at his best is as handy a putter as any topflight golfer. Some say that Snead's temperament (a "smoldering volcano," according to the *New York Times's* Arthur Daley) is not tough enough to withstand the grind of the Open. While it is true that Snead sometimes gives way to the sulks or the "yips" (jitters), he has played some of his most sensational shots when the tension was greatest.

At the Greenbrier Open in 1951, he had a tremendous moment on the 12th hole, a wicked, 535-yard par five. Sam's drive faded into the rough, but left him with a fair lie. He asked Curtis Griffith, his regular caddy, what club he recommended. Griffith cautiously suggested that most players would use a spoon. Snead walked all the way to the green and studied the shot from all angles. Then he pulled his No. 2 iron—a dangerous choice of weapons—from his bag and slammed the ball with everything he had. "It went like a rifle, 230 yards," says Griffith. "It was on the pin all the way." The ball stopped 18 inches from the cup, and Snead was down in three for an eagle.

Another time at the Greenbrier, Snead drove into tiger country and found that two trees were directly in his approach line to the green. He had only a three-foot avenue between. He selected a pitching wedge, lined up his shot, and blasted the ball 120 yards, right into the cup.

How He Plays. Snead is a thrilling performer to watch. With effortless grace he smacks the ball 300 yards or more, straight down the fairway. Explains Snead: "If you want to hit a nail especially hard with a hammer, you don't jerk it back and slash at it. Rather, you draw it far back, nice and slow, and, with careful aim, let 'er rip. Now why not drive a golf ball that way?"

With the long irons Snead is just as impressive—a rare thing in a good woodsman. His chip and pitch performance with the short irons is executed with the most delicate finesse. He combines deftness and power with an acute sense of rhythm (Snead is an excellent dancer, has long had an untested theory that he could play better golf if music floated over the fairways). On the green his long, approach putts are skillful and deadly. His short putts—admittedly his weakest point—are erratic, although not nearly so bad as he himself seems to think. He has used more than 250 putters in his tournament career



United Press

CADDY SNEAD

With hickory sticks and brotherly kicks.

in a search for one he can use with confidence. At tournaments Snead carries the regulation number of 14 clubs, but he substitutes two extra irons for his No. 2 and No. 4 woods.

Snead talks to himself quietly during a tournament ("That'll be a little short . . . This one will stick"). He has never got over stage fright. Says he, pounding his chest: "Man, that thing has a heart in it, and the heart goes 'thump, thump, thump.'" Gamesmanship is practiced in golf more freely than in any other sport, and Snead has frequently been the victim of other players' psychological warfare. In a tournament at Hot Springs in 1935, Snead loped through the first four rounds at the head of the pack until a critical pro asked: "What's wrong with your stance, Sam? You look ridiculous." Sam became acutely conscious of his stance, his game went to pieces, and he lost the match in the final round. An opponent taking off his glove or breathing heavily in the concentrated hush of a putting green will throw Snead off his game. A clicking camera infuriates him. "They try to get your nanny," he says.

But Snead has developed a deadly play of his own. When an opponent disconcerts him, Snead waits until the bedeviler is concentrating on a putt. Then he walks off the green. The sound of Sam's faithful fans following him is enough to crack the nerve of the most stoic Gamesman.

Snead himself is rarely stoic in defeat. As a youngster, he learned golf under the stern eye of his brother Homer, who showed him how to drive a ball toward a hole in a cow pasture, and gave him a kick in the pants every time he muffed a shot. Today, mufing hurts almost as much.

Up from Caddy. Sam Snead was born and raised in Ashwood, a hamlet near the mountain resort of Hot Springs, Va., and its famed golf hotel, the Homestead. The five Snead brothers begged broken-shafted



You mean I don't need all my muscles?

Ever see a traditional carillon played?

It's done by striking balled fists on levers which, in turn, activate clappers weighing as much as 400 pounds in bells which often tip the scales at a ton! You don't *have* to be a heavyweight wrestler to qualify as a carillon-player, but muscles *do* count.

So, you can well imagine the amazement of a professional carillonneur when he hears the thunderous deluge of bells produced by no more effort than a finger-tip touch on a piano-like keyboard.

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amplified to any volume desired.

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Shirley Blake

AUDREY, TERRY, JACKIE & SAM SNEAD
Behind the corn-pone façade, strictly a businessman.

clubs from the Homestead caddy master, and replaced their splintered wooden shafts with whittled hickory sticks or old buggy-whip handles. Sometimes they carved an entire driver from a hickory sapling with a knotty root.

With his primitive clubs—and the pedagogy of brother Homer's foot—Sam developed his graceful and somewhat unorthodox swing. He never took a lesson, never hampered his free & easy game with the kinks and strains that often plague the rule-book golfer. At twelve, Sam took up caddying at the Homestead, studied the pros, and played the employees' course—nine tortuous holes on a mountainside called the "goat course."

The Sneads were poor (father Snead was a maintenance man in the Homestead's boiler room). In addition to caddying, Sam also worked as a soda jerk. In school he was something of a dude, and a natural standout in every sport he tried. In baseball he was an outstanding pitcher and outfielder, played against local coal miners' teams. In football he was a fast backfield star (a "seat buck" according to Snead). He was on the track team and he boxed. He found little time for books.

Often while his mother was cooking a meal, Sam sat beside the old Home Comfort stove and discussed his future with her. For a while he thought of going to college on a football scholarship. In the end, he chose golf.

The Discovery. Snead got out of high school in the depression year of 1932. There were precious few jobs for untested young golfers. After a year's drudgery in a restaurant, Sam got his break: a job as shop boy at the Homestead golf shop. For \$20 a month he repaired clubs, shellacked

and finished woods, did odd jobs, and breathed the atmosphere of golf. One morning an elderly lady guest came into the shop and asked for a lesson. Both pros were busy, so Sam agreed to teach her. Next day Sam had a job as teaching professional at the Cascades, an 18-hole golf course about three miles from the hotel.

Sam did not even own a full set of clubs. He had a couple of battered woods, no irons, and a bag with a hole in it. He took his \$10 salary (for two weeks' work) and made a down payment on a cheap set of irons. At the Cascades he had few customers, plenty of time to practice. Within two weeks Snead could beat both Homestead professionals. In 1935 Freddy Martin, golf manager at the rival Greenbrier, spotted Snead. For \$45 a month, room & board, he lured Sam across the mountains to the Greenbrier. (With the exception of one year at Shawnee-on-Delaware and the 2½ wartime years he spent in the Navy, Sam has been headquartered at the Greenbrier.) Says Martin, who has a native Scot's canny eye for a top golfer: "That swing of Sam's caused me to predict in 1936 that he would break 60 on a regulation 18-hole golf course."

Breaking 60 in regulation golf is the rough equivalent of running the four-minute mile in regulation track, and Snead had never quite fulfilled Martin's great expectations, though he carded a 57 and a 58 on non-regulation courses. Last year he missed a score of 59 on the Greenbrier's championship Old White course when he flubbed a two-foot putt.

The Hero. In the summer of 1936, with Martin's blessing and \$50 in his pocket, Snead took the day coach to Pennsylvania for the Hershey Open and his nervous tee-off in big-time tournament

golf. His first two drives landed in a stream, but Sam pulled himself together and finished in sixth place. That autumn he went to Florida. At the Miami Open he won \$108 and signed a contract to endorse Dunlop golfing equipment for \$500 and his clubs and balls. "Ah had \$300 and ah was \$800 rich," he recalls, rolling his eyes.

Sam and Johnny Bulla, another young hopeful, headed for the West Coast in Bulla's Ford jalopy. Snead, who had grave misgivings about his own skill, suggested to Bulla that they split their winnings. "I said nothing doing, you're not good enough," Bulla recalls. "I think by the end of the year I had won about \$500 and Sam had knocked down \$10,000."

Snead became the overnight sensation of golf. He took sixth place in the Los Angeles Open, then won the Oakland Open and the Bing Crosby tournament over the full field of America's top professionals. Sportswriters dubbed him "Slamming Sammy." In Los Angeles one day, on a practice tee, Snead tried out a decrepit driver belonging to Henry Picard. He liked the feel of it and Picard, who was planning to throw the club away, sold it to him for \$5.50. The driver cured Snead's troublesome hook, and he has carried it in his golf bag ever since, broken and repaired a dozen times. (Snead estimates that he has won more than \$5,000 with it in driving contests alone.)

Snead and Fred Corcoran, then tournament manager for the P.G.A., became the Gold Dust twins. Together they pulled golf out of the doldrums. Corcoran, an entrepreneur with a leprechaun nose for pots of gold, succeeded in getting the annual tournament ante raised from \$100,000 in 1936 to nearly \$600,000 in 1947. The young Snead provided the public with a golfing hero like no one since the golden days of Jones and Hagen.

With his blazing game Snead helped to drive the nation's golf scores down from the low 70s to the low 60s. (Improved equipment—notably the steel shaft and the larger ball, and such gadgets as the power mower and the fairway sprinkler systems—helped.) Sam Snead, with his own particular style and corn-pone personality, was something new in combat golf. For years the game had been dominated by English styles. With the great American hitters—including Snead—golf had got out of its Oxford bags.

The Goldwyn of Golf. Snead is a model of 4-H Club health and vigor: he never smokes, drinks only a rare beer, and spends more time sleeping than most athletes. He is the best-dressed golfer in the game: his snap-brim palmetto hats and neatly pressed slacks are Snead trademarks (in a recent inventory, Mrs. Snead counted 280 sport shirts and 36 straw hats).

He is the Goldwyn of golf, whose hill-billy homilies are legends. Once Snead sat in the Boston Red Sox dugout during a baseball game and listened solemnly while his good friend Ted Williams held forth on the difficulties of baseball as compared with golf. Baseball, with a round bat and a fast-moving target, Williams explained, calls for much more skill than the quiet

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game of golf. "Maybe so," said Sam doubtfully. "But when we hit a foul ball, we've gotta get out there and play it."

Another time, when Snead heard that Bing Crosby had just won the Academy Award, he said: "Gee, that's swell. How'd he do it—match or medal play?" After his first big splash in California, Snead saw his picture, a Wirephoto, in the New York Times. He was amazed. "Now how'd they ever get my picture?" he asked. "Ah never been in New York."

The Big Money. To Snead, golf is strictly business. For relaxation he prefers hunting and fishing (he caught the world record bonefish, a 15-pounder, off Bimini in 1953).

In 1940 Snead and his childhood sweetheart, Audrey Karnes, were married (as teen-agers, they had held hands in the school bus) and settled down in Hot Springs. But the lure of golfing gold was too great, and Snead reckons that his travels have kept him away from home for twelve of the past 14 years. The Sneads have two sons, Jackie, 9, and Terry, 2. "My little one don't even know me," says Sam.

Underneath his Li'l Abner façade, he is a shrewd businessman. His official tournament earnings over the years amount to \$250,000. Local matches and exhibitions (at a flat fee of \$1,250 per exhibition) have probably doubled his take.

There are lucrative off-course sources, too. For 17 years Snead has been a member of the advisory staff of the Wilson Sporting Goods Co., receiving a fat retainer and royalties on the sales of his signature clubs. He has invested in a California golf course and Florida real estate. He and Ted Williams are co-owners of a fishing-tackle company. Endorsements bring in a good stipend and three gleaming Nashes each year. He has made a golfing record, several films, draws royalties from four ghost-written books and a ghosted golfing column. And, like all the top pros, he makes money gambling on the game.

Snead is careful with his money, but he doesn't keep it in tomato cans buried in his garden, as Jimmy Demaret alleges. He tips his caddies as much as \$150 a tournament (plus his old hats, if he wins). He has a picturesque way of tipping. In a restaurant he will fold a five-dollar bill into a tiny ball of paper and hand it to the headwaiter with the suggestion: "Here, put that in yore holler tooth."

Guesses about his fortune vary. One friend estimates it at around \$1,000,000. Snead admits to an annual income of "right close to" \$100,000, but claims that if he ever made a million, he has been robbed. He has a mountain boy's distrust of revenueurs—in his case, Internal Revenueurs, who visit him regularly. Sam gets nervous whenever he sees a story about his wealth: "You know, every time they read a story about me they clip it."

The Little Dog's Tail. Last week, as he packed his bags for Baltusrol, Sam Snead seemed at peak form. The warm West Virginia sun and hot sulphur baths had relaxed him. Ten days of practice, driv-



BEN HOGAN
Before sunset, on old bogey.

ing balls into a staked-out, 35-yard circle (Baltusrol's fairways average 35 yards in width) and putting into a three-inch cup (the official U.S.G.A. cups are 41 inches in diameter), had honed his game to a wicked keenness. His body showed few signs of age, approximately the same dimensions of 18 years ago: height, 5 ft. 11 in.; weight, 180 lbs.; waist, 33 in., chest 43 in. In his sinewy shoulders he still had the power to smash out 300-yard drives; his huge hands still contained the nuances that make chip shots fall where he chooses. He has acquired an ounce of caution—but only an ounce—that may cut a little drama from his game and save him a few scoreboard points.

At a time when older players dominate the game (Hogan is 42; most of the other top-seeded players range from their mid-30s to 50), Snead looked as good in 1954 as he had looked in 1937. He recognizes that competitive golf is still a young man's game, and attributes the present dearth of young stars to the Korean war. Snead expects a new crop of golfers will force him off the tournament courses before long. "Just gimme four more years," he says. "At \$100,000 a year, and Snead will have made it."

But before he turns in his clubs, Snead still has one deep desire: to win his first Open. He has been acting very much like a man who expected to win. In Augusta (TIME, April 19), he won the Masters, defeating his old bogey Hogan in a brilliant play-off. And at the Palm Beach tournament in May, he won with a sizzling 338 for five rounds. Recently, he sent in

Playing man-to-man and not against the anonymity of the field or a scorecard, Snead has never lost to Hogan. They have golfed together in just three tournament play-offs, and Snead won every time. They will not be paired at the Open tee-off.



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his entry for the British Open in July—obviously a bid for the professional golfer's "Grand Slam" (P.G.A., Masters, U.S. Open, British Open), which no pro has ever won in a single year.

With the Open approaching, the big boys were fretting about their health. As the late-starting pacemaker for the third annual LIFE-P.G.A. National Golf Day, Ben Hogan carded a sensational 64 (eight under normal par at Baltusrol), but he complained of fatigue and various aches and pains. "My head," he said, "is so sore I have trouble combing my hair." Snead, for his part, grumbled about a "stiff neck that's cramping my swing."

The course at Baltusrol seemed tailored for Sam Snead. Its long, sweeping fairways were an invitation to his power drives. Its oversized greens were an advantage, too: a man who counted on hot putting would never win the 1954 Open. To Hogan, Snead and Baltusrol looked like a winning combination: "Man, he should be the hottest favorite since Jones. This course is just made for his type of game."

After a practice round at Baltusrol this week, though, Snead himself was cautiously pessimistic. "This baby is real tough," he gloomed. But at Augusta last March, after beating Hogan, he sang a different tune: "The sun don't always shine on the same little dog's tail."

For Golfer Snead's tail, it had been a long wait for sunup.

Scoreboard

¶ In Le Mans, France, a sturdy Italian Ferrari sports car, driven by Argentina's José Froilan Gonzalez and France's Maurice Trintignant, clocked an impressive 2,523.4 miles in the grueling, 24-hour Le Mans Grand Prix Endurance Race to finish a slim 2.4 miles ahead of last year's winners, Tony Rolt and Duncan Hamilton in their English Jaguar. In third place, with a total of 2,355 miles: an American Cunningham Special driven by Sherwood Johnston and William Spear. In fifth: Briggs Cunningham himself in another Cunningham Special.

¶ At Wimbledon, England, the U.S. Wightman Cup team of Maureen Connolly, Louise Brough and Doris Hart played lackluster tennis against a team of British youngsters, slipped and skidded over rain-drenched courts, but won all its matches and took home the tall silver trophy for the 18th consecutive year.

¶ In Milwaukee, Big Jim Wilson, the Braves' veteran (32) righthander who was almost counted out of baseball after being hit on the head by a line drive nine years ago, shut out Philadelphia, 2-0, in the first no-hit big-league ball game of the year.

¶ In Belgrade's Tashmajdan Stadium, in a tournament that was tougher on the officials than on the players, Russia's women's basketball team overpowered the Bulgarian women 65-46, won the European championship for the fourth year in a row. The referees called 63 fouls, ducked a hail of gravel chucked by indignant spectators, and were seriously disconcerted by the buxom Russians, who wore no brassieres under their uniforms.

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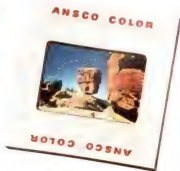
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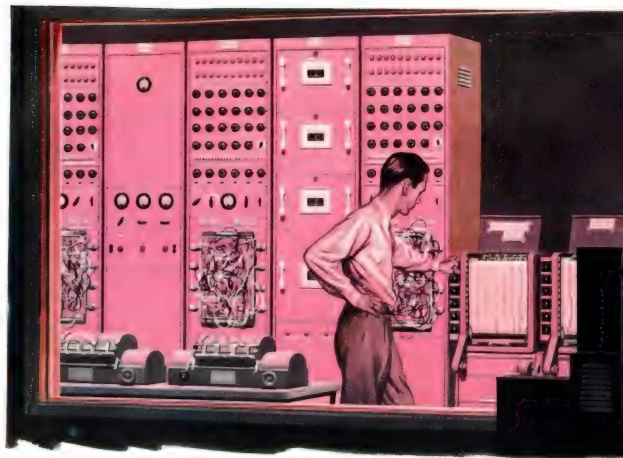


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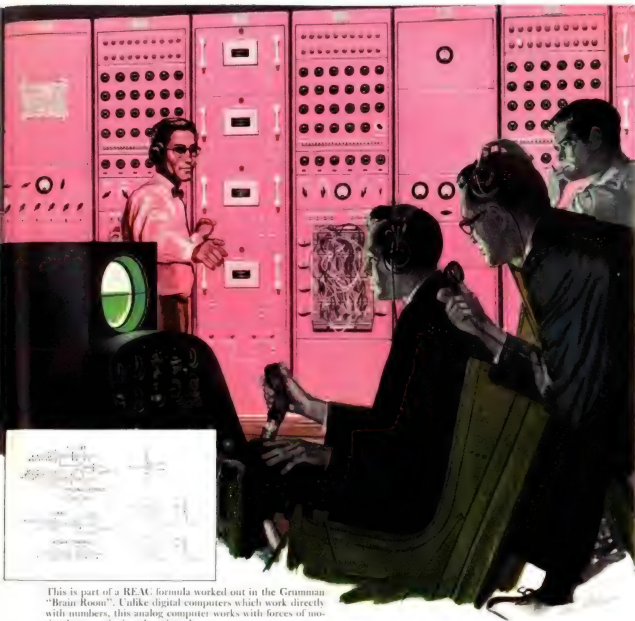
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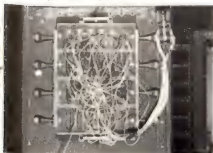


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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

TIME Inc. announced this week that the name of its new national sports weekly (*TIME*, May 17), which will go on sale the second week in August, will be *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

New Estimate of Joe

After watching the Army v. McCarthy hearings for more than a month, the strongly pro-McCarthy Chicago *Tribune* last week wrote a brand-new estimate of one of its favorite Senators: "In the course of the radio and television show, Mr. McCarthy has managed on more than one occasion to irritate his friends while confounding his enemies. It wasn't easy, but he did it. We have never supposed that he was likely to get a presidential nomination, and now we believe it is more unlikely than ever. Delegates to national conventions do not nominate sluggers like Mr. McCarthy. Citizens down East who have found it difficult to sleep of nights for fear that the junior Senator from Wisconsin would land in the White House need worry no longer."

The High Cost of Publishing

In Atlantic City, N.J. last week, Richard W. Slocum, executive vice president of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* and president of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, stepped up before 1,000 newspaper production men and said sternly: "The day of easy money [for newspapers] is gone . . . Some newspapers have shrunk, and more have died than we like to talk about. More will shrink and die if we do not meet our present-day problems." Publisher Slocum was gloomy about the newspaper business with reason. All over the U.S., rising costs have squeezed profit margins of newspaper publishers to the lowest point in years.

Even though circulation, ad revenue and total income last year were at an alltime high, costs have shot up still faster. Two biggest cost factors: 1) newsprint, which accounts for about 15% of the total costs for smaller papers and as much as 55% for big dailies, has risen from \$50 a ton before World War II to \$126 a ton this year; 2) labor costs, especially for mechanical workers, have gone up as much as 140% in the same period. The average daily, says *Editor & Publisher*, "has not gone through a year [since 1946] when expenses have not risen at a higher percentage rate than revenues."

Consolidation. As a result, the era when newspapers produced some of America's great fortunes (e.g., Hearst, E. W. Scripps, Pulitzer, et al.) is past. Publishers who like to consider themselves primarily "editorial men" find themselves spending more and more time on business affairs. Even such dailies as the wealthy, institutionalized New York *Times*, which has about 4,700 employees on its payroll, have been hard hit. Last year's ten-day news-

paper strike (*TIME*, Dec. 7 et seq.), says *Times* Publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger, wiped out "virtually all, and I mean that literally, of the anticipated profit from 1953 operations." The *Times* has also been forced to pare down its voluminous news space, e.g., it recently cut its foreign news 10%.

One of the few U.S. newspaper companies that publicly report their profits, the Boston Herald-Traveler Corp. has seen its profits fall off from \$1,270,813 in 1946 to \$526,283 last year. In cities where there are monopolies, the papers are doing better. Greensboro, N.C.'s Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Co., which

tion accounts for only about one-third of an average daily's income.

With revenue from circulation and advertising bumping the ceiling, many a publisher has looked for income from new sources. The Dallas *Times-Herald* receives one-third of its income from its profitable TV station, and the Washington *Post* and *Times-Herald* has found that earnings from its TV and radio stations provide a valuable cushion against the shocks of newspaper expenses. Publishers are also installing expensive color-printing equipment that enables them to earn more money from advertisers for the same amount of newsprint. But improvements run high. "I bought the *Free Press* [for \$3,300,000]," says Publisher John Knight, who controls the Akron *Beacon-Journal*,



WASHINGTON POST AND TIMES-HERALD'S GRAHAM & MEYER
In Pittsburgh, the ninth column.

helps finance 23 papers all over the U.S., reports that the profit margin of its papers in competitive cities has slipped to less than 5%, while in monopoly cities it is nearly 18%.

High costs have already taken their toll. Last year 22 dailies were suspended or merged, leaving 82% of all U.S. towns and cities that have newspapers with only one daily (vs. about 40% in 1900). The Washington *Times-Herald* recently found rising costs too much to bear, sold out to Eugene Meyer and Philip Graham of the Washington *Post*. High costs have also made starting a big, new daily virtually impossible without millions in reserve capital.

In the last ten years only one big, new daily has been launched, the Los Angeles *Mirror*. It has cost Publisher Norman Chandler millions already, and is still losing at the rate of an estimated \$20,000 to \$30,000 a week. Last week the *Mirror*, along with Hearst's Los Angeles *Herald & Express*, raised its street-sale price from 7¢ to 10¢. But publishers have found out that price increases are no solution to the cost squeeze (only two U.S. dailies still sell for 2¢, only 22 for 3¢), since circula-

Miami *Herald*, Chicago *Daily News* and Detroit *Free Press*, "but now I'm having to buy it again" by paying \$3,500,000 for new equipment.

Revolution. Publishers rightly feel that because of competition, increases in advertising rates and the sales price of their papers are fast approaching the limit, that the only recourse is to cut costs more. In the last two years hundreds of dailies have trimmed the size of their pages by an inch or more. By doing so, the New York *Herald Tribune* has made an estimated saving of more than \$400,000 a year in newsprint.

More than a dozen dailies in smaller cities have combined with their competition to print in the same plant, thus cutting production costs while keeping editorial staffs separate. Marshall Field's tabloid Chicago *Sun-Times* has begun to stay in the black by adding a sixth column to its five-column page, thus crowding more news into less paper. Pittsburgh's three dailies are getting ready to make a similar move by adding a ninth column to their eight-column pages. Says one publisher: "The ninth column is here to stay."

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the biggest savings can be made, and there newspapers have been much too chary of research. Nevertheless, more than half of all U.S. dailies have adopted wire-service Teletype-setting (TTS), which is causing the biggest revolution in newspaper production (TIME, July 13) since the invention of the Linotype machine. Other papers are experimenting with electronic and photographic typesetting devices. Last week in Atlantic City, newspaper production men got their first view of new electronic and chemical processes that may be cheaper and faster than the antiquated engraving and etching methods used by most dailies.

Mechanical unions still resist production change. e.g., a publisher who buys a new, high-speed press often finds that the union requires so many unnecessary men to run it that he loses rather than saves money. But even such diehards as the International Typographical Union have begun to give in to progress. I.T.U., which opposed TTS circuits at first, now goes along with TTS, simply tries to acquire jurisdiction over TTS men.

Survival. Most publishers, even those who have been squeezed hardest, hope that the worst is over. After its long and uninterrupted rise, newsprint is probably at its peak price, and unions have been scaling down their annual demands. The 25,000-member American Newspaper Guild has taken the stand that "whenever a publisher can show that the survival of his newspaper is in danger, the Guild stands ready to cooperate in any way possible to keep the paper alive." Nevertheless, more deaths are in the offing. Says George C. Biggers, boss of the Atlanta Journal and Constitution, which have the biggest combined circulation (430,171) in the South: "In every city of half a million population or less where there is more than one newspaper ownership, consolidation may be expected."

The Unnecessary Ministry

Under the Nazis, the German press was rigidly controlled by Hitler's ministry of information. Last fall, when Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's Christian-Democratic government announced plans to set up its own ministry of information, the free press of Germany howled objections. Political reporters banded together, passed a resolution charging that information ministries are "unusual in democratic states and, [if set up in Germany, might] strengthen tendencies aiming at infringement of the freedom and independence of the press."

The uproar forced Chancellor Adenauer to call off his plans for the information ministry. But last week the government quietly announced the formation of a "press coordinating committee" under Christian-Democratic Deputy Otto Lenz, who had been scheduled to head the original ministry of information. All over Germany this week, the free press locked arms to prevent the government from slipping through the back door what it had not succeeded in bringing in through the front.

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Making Their Ears Twitch

His mates always kidded young Jack Taylor. He was brash, he was illiterate, he could never keep a steady job. Yet he called himself an artist. A year ago, he was pushing a wheelbarrow on a building job in London's West End. The truck driver pointed at the nearby Redfern Gallery, and jeered at Jack: "You call yourself a painter. They buy paintings in that place. Go in and show them some." Jack did. To his astonishment, the gallery directors gave him £10 for one of his pictures on the spot, urged him to come back in six months with more work. Last week, just two weeks before his 25th birthday, the gallery displayed 44 of Jack's paintings on its swank walls, and bailed him as England's first 20th century primitive, a "Grandma Moses in embryo."

In contrast to Grandma Moses' lovingly literal rendition of a world she knows, Taylor paints a world of dreams far from the squalor and drabness of the London slums he lives in. His landscapes are bright with unlikely color, his figures dressed in gay costumes of some imagined peasantry, his buildings festooned with cupolas, arches and campaniles of an architecture he has never seen.

For Jack Taylor has never been out of England, seldom out of his native London. "I don't like London. I 'ate the grey dullness of it. I think London stinks," he says. "I want to get as far away from it as I can, an' I try to, an' the only way I can is in me pictures, me own buildings, me own cities."

"A Sort of Spiv." In the past, Taylor has had little to thank life for, and he gives it little thanks. The son of an odd-



BRITAIN'S TAYLOR & "THE AQUEDUCT"
He thinks London stinks.

job workman, he was the oldest son in a family of four sons and seven daughters. He was a rebellious, difficult child. When he was sent to school, the teacher asked him to spell "a." He couldn't, and the other children laughed. "I swore I wouldn't learn to read and write, they wouldn't make me." Obstinately, he stuck to that vow, left school at 14 without having learned to read a sentence. He got odd jobs as milkman, baker, house painter, hospital orderly. "Sometime I quit, sometimes they sacked me. I just couldn't get

interested. I didn't care. An' I was always gettin' into mischief, always fightin' or breakin' windows, an' then boozin' and gettin' into trouble with the police. I was a sort of spiv all right."

The Last Laugh. But while others worked or studied, Jack drew. Nobody encouraged him; his parents scoffed. When he married four years ago, his wife gave him no more sympathy: once when he quit looking for work to concentrate on painting, she left him until he agreed to go back to work. But he kept stubbornly on, making his own brushes by cutting up a clothes brush. Once, he broke down. "The day I came walkin' into the Redfern Gallery, I felt I couldn't go on much longer."

Jack now lives with his wife, two children and his parents in a shabby house in southeast London, does his painting (on board) in a seven-foot square storeroom. With success, Jack has also acquired an interest in reading, using the Bible as text. "I'm beginnin' to put words together," he says proudly. "Everything's sortin' itself out, I'm happy for the first time in me life."

Jack has studied nobody else's paintings. "I'm not really interested in other people's art," he says. "It's doin' something of me own that I want, something I see in me mind." Two days after the show opened, all but one of the paintings had sold at prices ranging up to £35. But what Jack enjoyed most about success was its effect on people who had previously laughed at him. The local borough newspaper wrote him up recently. "I could jump for joy to see it make 'em sit up and make their ears twitch," says Jack. "They think anybody who wants to paint is queer somehow. Why, I get more out of paintin' one picture than they get out of twelve months of livin'."

DONKEYS IN THE SKY

ON the walls of Paris' Maeght Gallery last week, nudes floated over the Champs-Élysées, an ass crouched impaled on the spire of the church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés with no visible air of discomfort, a sleek donkey proffered flowers to a foreshortened mermaid floating in a bubble above the Bastille. Over the Opéra, a huge bouquet flowered against a turkey-blood sky; at its heart were three dim, blue figures echoing Carpeaux' famed group of statuary, *The Dance*, while two entwined lovers floated down the Avenue de l'Opéra oblivious of traffic (see opposite page). Marc Chagall, the small, elfin man with the face like a melancholy Harpo Marx, was having his first one-man show in seven years.

Such paintings, with their fusion of lush color and pixilated charm, have beguiled thousands who do not pretend to understand them (if they are understandable), have put Chagall reproductions over many a middlebrow mantelpiece, and won their 64-year-old creator a place alongside such accepted modern French masters as Picasso, Matisse and Braque. "I am for order," he explains, "but if one wants order, the painting must have the air of disorder."

The son of a poor Jewish grocer, Chagall was born in Vitebsk, Russia, has carried a memory of his homeland through a life of wanderings. He came to Paris in 1910, lived through both prewar

cubism and postwar surrealism, took something from both, was captured by neither. Instead, he clung to his own haunting evocations of nameless gaiety and wistful sadness, in a weightless world of objects flung aloft by some superhuman juggler and suspended in mid-air. Many of his themes derive from the Russian folk tales and Jewish rituals of his youth, still more from his happy marriage with his late wife Bella, whose image in bridal white or sensual black hovered across the skies of his paintings for years.

Now remarried, Chagall has been living for the past four years in Venice on the French Riviera. There he works all day, "even to midnight if my wife lets me," tries his hand at pottery, is considering an offer to decorate a 17th century chapel in Venice—a job he estimates might take ten years. Next year a Paris publishing house will put out a new Bible illustrated with 106 Chagall etchings.

All 30 of Chagall's current canvases, painted over the past seven years, are devoted to Paris themes. As usual, he refuses to explain any of them. Says Chagall: "In art you can't talk about theories, because art's a thing of life into which enter problems of love and death. One must be an arch-genius, and still more, to pretend to give theories. Cézanne launched theories, and Cézanne was almost that arch-genius. What is left today after 50 years—his theories or his art?"



CHAGALL



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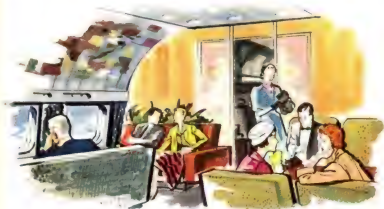
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The Eyes of the World

The eyes of Texas were upon the Most Rev. Henry Knox Sherrill, Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church. In fact, they were all but burning a hole through his black coat. For the bishop had decided that the eyes of the world were more important, and last week canceled plans to hold the church's 1955 triennial convention in Houston. The city's racial segregation (though he made no specific reference to it in his announcement) was responsible for the decision, which Sherrill called "the most painful and difficult . . . I have ever been called upon to make."

Segregation was a problem that Texas' Bishop Clinton S. Quin was sure could be taken care of when Houston was picked at



Granison Tennessee-Black Star
TEXAS' BISHOP QUIN
"I'm the goat."

the church's 1952 General Convention. He laid plans to serve nonsegregated meals three times a day at the Houston Coliseum and to build a nonsegregated motel that, together with the University of Houston dormitories, would house the convention's sprinkling of Negro delegates (about 2%) together with their white brethren. A car pool would provide non-Jim Crow transportation. But the Negroes would still have been barred from most hotels and restaurants in Houston, would have to use separate toilet facilities, and would have to occupy special seats in public vehicles.

But last month two powerful diocesan conventions, New York and Washington, D.C., voted unanimously to ask Bishop Sherrill to move the 1955 triennial to a completely nonsegregated city. Other church members put the case to Bishop Sherrill: this summer the Anglican Congress and the World Council of Churches, meeting in the U.S., would subject the

Episcopal Church to especially searching scrutiny by critical Christians from other lands. The slightest appearance of condoning racial segregation would cast a blight on Episcopalianism in their eyes. Without quite calling an international spade a spade, Bishop Sherrill did his best to explain: "I am convinced that on both the international and the national level the scene has altered radically . . . We live in a time of crisis . . . I am certain that the witness of our church must be so clear that it need not be explained . . ."

But hearty, Kentucky-born Bishop Quin, whose 35 years as bishop of Texas make him the Episcopal bishop oldest in service, replied bitterly: "I'm the goat . . . I do not like the decision. I do not think it was warranted . . . But I thank God for the kind of religion I have . . . which gives me the stuff to take it and to keep on plugging for the whole church."

Five Saints in One Act

Five banners waved in the procession that streamed across St. Peter's Square in Rome; in the giant frame that hung from the balcony of the basilica were pictures of three men, a woman and a boy. In a single ceremony last week, Pope Pius XII gave the Roman Catholic Church five new saints:

PIERRE LOUIS MARIE CHANEL (1803-41), a French missionary who was sent to the South Sea island of Futuna in the Tonga archipelago, where he was axed to death after three years, at the age of 38. Though he had achieved no marked success in converting the natives, the entire island, moved by his martyrdom, became Roman Catholic within three years of his death.

GASPARO DEL BUFALO (1786-1837) was exiled from his native Rome, shortly after he became a priest, by Napoleon's occupation. To care for the Romans, who had been left almost without a clergy during the occupation years, Father del Bufalo founded the Society of the Precious Blood, an order which has been notably successful in the U.S.

GIUSEPPE MARIA PINATTELLI (1737-1811) was born a Spanish nobleman and became a Jesuit over family opposition. At the time the Jesuits were being suppressed in nearly every country; as Provincial in Italy he did much to restore the order's power and prestige.

DOMENICO SAVIO (1842-57) told his pastor, at the age of five, that he was big enough to serve Mass. When he was twelve, the frail Italian schoolboy became one of the first pupils of St. John Bosco, founder of the Salesian Society and educational pioneer. Domenico died three years later, after "living a full life in 15 years."

MARIA CROCFISSA DI ROSA (1813-55) left convent school at 17 to take over her wealthy father's silk factory at Brescia, Italy, where she saw to the spiritual and material welfare of the workers. In the cholera epidemic of 1836 she nursed the sick, which led to her foundation of the Servants of Charity in 1839.

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Born. To Ann Blyth. 25, singing cinematogénue (*The Student Prince*). and Dr. James McNulty. 35, Hollywood obstetrician; their first child, a boy. Name: Timothy Patrick. Weight: 7 lbs. 8 oz.

Born. To Victor Borge. 45, Danish-born pianist-wit whose *Comedy in Music* has broken all Broadway records for one-man shows (ninth month, heading toward 100 performances), and Sarahbel Roach Borge. 34, his second wife: a son. Name: Victor Bernhard. Weight: 6 lbs. 8 oz.

Married. Nina Foch. 40, blonde cinematress (*Executive Suite*); and James Lipton. 29, TV soap-opera actor; she for the first time, he for the second; in Brooklyn.

Married. Arthur Schwartz. 52, Broadway composer (*By the Beautiful Sea*) and producer (*Inside U.S.A.*); and Mary Grey, thirtyish, Broadway actress; both for the second time; in Sands Point, L.I.

Married. The Rev. Dr. Donald Grey Barnhouse. 59, pastor of Philadelphia's Tenth Presbyterian Church, entrepreneur of canned sermons, radio preacher on 60 stations; and Mrs. Margaret N. Bell. 45; both for the second time; in Manhattan.

Died. Arthur Greenwood, 74, treasurer of Britain's Labor Party, for 37 years a top figure in British Socialism; after long illness; in London. Dour, scholarly Greenwood, known because of his encyclopedic knowledge as "The Human Blue Book" was Minister without Portfolio in Churchill's wartime coalition Cabinet (1940-42), served Labor governments as Minister of Health and Lord Privy Seal, turned down a viscountcy because of his distrust of hereditary titles.

Died. Charles Francis Adams (TIME, Nov. 4, 1946). 87, great-great-grandson of President John Adams, great-grandson of John Quincy, cousin of Henry, yachtsman and onetime Secretary of the Navy (1920-33); after long illness; in Boston. He became an ardent Hoover supporter, but as Navy Secretary bitterly opposed Hoover's reductions in naval appropriations. America's leading yachtsman, he skipped the *Resolute* to victory over the late Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock IV* in the 1920 America's Cup races, at the age of 73 brought off an unparalleled sweep of U.S. yachting's triple crown: the Puritan, Astor and King's Cups. A shrewd lawyer and financier, he raised Harvard's investments from \$13 million to \$120 million in 30 years as treasurer, made his alma mater the most heavily endowed university in the U.S.



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BUSINESS

RAILROADS

Young Takes Over

For once, Bob Young had been too cautious in a public statement. He had predicted that he would win the New York Central proxy fight by 700,000 to 1,000,000 votes. His actual margin: 1,067,000, or 267,000 more than the disputed 800,000 shares voted in his favor by Texas Oilmen Clint Murchison and Sid Richardson. Central President William White, conducting his last stockholders' meeting in a hot, sticky office at the Albany railroad station, with blinds drawn for an air-raid drill, sadly made the official announcement that Young had bombed him out of his job. There would be no quibbling or court fights. Said White: "The time for that is past . . . I will not remain as president of the New York Central. I will nevertheless cooperate with the new group in effecting an orderly transition."

Young, who knew the result three days earlier (when it was also leaked to the press), wasted no time taking over the world's second biggest railroad. Less than an hour after the official count was announced, Young and Mrs. Lila Bell Acheson Wallace, a member of his directors' slate and co-owner of the *Reader's Digest*, marched out of his offices in Manhattan's Chrysler Building and walked the three blocks to the Park Avenue offices of the Central. There his group of directors, who had been asked to stand by were gathered in the Central's board room. First business was to elect Young their new chairman—at \$1 a year. Next they named Alfred E. Perlman, 51, executive vice president of the Denver & Rio

Grande Western, as the Central's new president (TIME, June 7) and chief executive officer.

Take a Chance. Young and Perlman had met for the first time only 20 days before. But Perlman had been carefully scouted much earlier by Thomas J. Deegan, vice president of Allegheny and, as Young's righthand man, director of the campaign for Central proxies. As second in command (under Judge Wilson McCarthy) of the middle-sized D. & R.G., which has 2,300 miles of track in Utah, Colorado and New Mexico, Perlman built up a reputation as an outstanding railroad man. What was closer to Young's tastes: he was also one who was not afraid to try out new ideas.

What will Perlman do with the Central? Disregarding for the moment Young's high-flown proposals, such as the lightweight Train X, roller bearings and refrigerated cars, he says he will first spend six months getting acquainted

Those present: Allan P. Kirby, Young's sidekick and president of Allegheny Corp.; Earl E. T. Smith, New York Stock Exchange member and former husband of a descendant of Cornelius Vanderbilt; Dr. R. Walter Graham, Baltimore physician; William Landers of Utica, retired Central engineer; D. E. Taylor, president of West India Fruit and Steamship Co. of Norfolk, Va.; Frederick Lewisohn, New York Stock Exchange member; Richard M. Moss, president of Clinton Foods, Inc. of Manhattan; Mrs. Wallace; Eugene C. Pulliam, publisher of the Indianapolis *Star* and *Voice*; Orville Tootle, Chicago attorney; Andrew Van Pelt of Philadelphia, Allegheny Corp. director; William P. Feeley, president of the Great Lakes Dredge & Dock Co. of Chicago. The two absentees: Murchison and Richardson, who are already busy lining up a new deal (see below).

with the personnel and the problems . . . Changes will come slowly." He plans no big shakeup of the Central staff, is not even bringing along his own private secretary. Instead, among the Central's 100,000 employees, he wants to find a team to help him "build a good foundation for the railroad."

Try Research. A graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Perlman got his start in railroading as an engine-wiper before moving into the engineering end of the business. After a stint in the RFC's railroad division and at the Burlington, he joined the bankrupt D. & R.G. in 1936.

A bug for research, Perlman saved the road \$1,000,000 a year by a scientific check on fuels and oil, e.g., he stopped changing oil in his diesels after he found that changes increased engine wear. Another \$750,000 was saved by mechanizing track maintenance as far back as 1936, a step that the Central first took last year. The D. & R.G.'s cost controls were so tight that it knew the exact cost of running each train.

Perlman also developed a "junior board" of bright young employees to keep a constant check on all operations and to make recommendations directly to top management. As a result of his improvements—and war traffic—the road came out of bankruptcy in 1946. After 76 years in which not a nickel was paid in dividends, the railroad made its first payments in 1947. Last year it paid \$6 plus a 50% stock dividend on earnings of \$14.76 a share.

Improve Service. Perlman will have to be a railroad genius to do that well with the Central. The road's earnings for the first four months of this year were only \$29,894, v. \$10,269,710 a year ago. The road is also saddled with more than \$800 million in long-term debt, one of the biggest loads of any U.S. railroad, and well over \$100 million of it will fall due in the next ten years. Operating expenses are high (82.8% of operating revenues last year, v. an average of only 76% for all major railroads), and the passenger deficit, even after operating economies, was \$55 million last year. But Perlman is not worried about the passenger deficit. Says he: "The passenger business is like the show window at Saks Fifth Avenue. [By improving the service] you bring in people by the show window."

Quiet, modest and diffident as a church usher, Perlman expects to have a free hand in running the Central. Says he firmly, "I would expect to follow the advice of the board in matters like refinancing . . . But the actual running of the railroad and all its departments I would want to handle." In line with this, Perlman will attend directors' meetings and was promised the next vacancy on the board. But among those who know Bob Young best, there was little doubt that he would be the Central's real boss.



THE CENTRAL'S PERLMAN, WALLACE & YOUNG
After the big change, the changes will come slowly.

TIME CLOCK

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Chronic Optimist

Into the Indian Treaty Room of the Executive Office Building last week strode a pipe-smoking, professional man to face a group of some 40 Washington correspondents. "My name is Burns, Arthur F.," said he briskly. "First of all, I'd like to request that some kind soul among you, after 30 or 40 minutes, declare in peremptory tones that this meeting has gone on long enough."

Thus began the first press conference held by Dwight Eisenhower's chief economic adviser since he took office 15 months ago. By the time it ended an hour later, Dr. Burns had ranged all over the U.S. economy, thumping its back, checking its pulse, reflexes and chest expansion. Burns found the patient doing very nicely. Said he: "There is definite room for hope that cessation of the economic decline will very soon be followed by a recovery in output and employment."

Prompt Response. Adviser Burns was there to answer recent charges by Harvard's Economist Sumner Slichter that the Administration had done too little to combat recession. On the contrary, said Burns, it had done a great deal, notably in loosening credit and cutting taxes. The Federal Reserve Board's first credit-easing step, in May 1953, "was the promptest response to an economic decline ever taken by a central bank in any country."

Burns basised his "chronic optimism" on many factors. While non-farm employment was off slightly this May, he noted the average work week had increased by three-tenths of an hour. Factory orders for durable goods are on the rise, and "are behaving in a most encouraging fashion . . . The rate of decline in inventories has diminished. This will tend to lift production." The latest figures from the Commerce Department showed that for all of 1954, outlays for new plants and equipment should equal 1953's \$28 billion, instead of dropping 4% as a previous survey had indicated.

Independent Ways. From Government and business last week came other cheerful figures. A sudden surge in auto sales in the last ten days of May cut stocks of unsold cars to the lowest level since February, the first such drop in six months. In Pittsburgh, steel production showed the biggest weekly gain of the year (current rate: 73.2% of capacity). In Chicago, Sears, Roebuck confirmed what Arthur Burns had to say about inventories. It announced that for the last month it has been buying more than it has been selling, reversing a policy started last September of living off its inventory.

As usual, Wall Street, which has overlooked the decline in business, also ignored the pickup. The stock market suffered its sharpest break in four years. Many of the blue chips that had led the long advance

TAX REFORMS asked by Eisenhower are taking shape in committee and are almost sure to be passed this session. Among the benefits to business: faster write-offs, permission to carry back losses for two years instead of one. To individuals: a cut in dividend taxation, bigger deductions for doctors' bills.

TURBOCRUISER, a gas-turbine passenger bus, is being road-tested by General Motors Corp., but mass production of the bus is a long way off. Chief advantages of the vehicles: light weight, little vibration, use of a wide range of fuels, and clutchless operation. Drawbacks: high fuel consumption and scarcity of heat-resistant metals needed, such as nickel, cobalt and molybdenum.

FLOYD ODLUM, who just completed an oil deal with the Argentine government of Juan Peron, is now discussing the formation of a new holding and investment company, Atlas Corp., Argentina, to push Argentine industrial development. U.S. companies' pesos frozen in Argentina would be used as operating capital at the start, and the stock would be listed on the New York Stock Exchange so that U.S. investors could buy in later.

SELLING STUNTS of the big soap and flour companies will be investigated by the Federal Trade Commission. Specific target: cross-couponing, the system under which one company gives away coupons redeemable in another company's products. FTC will decide whether such combinations between big companies hurt smaller competitors.

PENN CENTER office and residential development in Philadelphia, which was started last year by Manhattan's Urie Bros. (TIME, June 1, 1953), is getting a big addition. For \$35 million, Philadelphia Contractor Matthew McCloskey bought the 24-story Pennsylvania Suburban Station Building, will build a four- or five-story transportation center near-by, topped by an eight-story tower for offices for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

tumbled, e.g., Du Pont dropped 4 1/2 points. The Dow-Jones industrial average was chopped down 6.59 points to 321, slipped further the next day. By week's end, however, the market had stabilized. Most traders viewed the break, not as an omen of disaster, but as a much-needed "technical" reaction to the market's almost uninterrupted advance of 25% since last fall.

TYCOONS

Two-Man Parlay

Texas Millionaires Clint Murchison and Sid Richardson, who parlayed their way from the oil business into the New York Central (see above), last week placed a bet at a different window. For some

Another McCloskey project, also part of the Penn Center deal: a 500-unit apartment house.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING in the first quarter of 1954 was down 5% from last year. Philip Morris & Co. predicts 3% to 5% drop in unit cigarette sales for all of 1954, but dollar sales "almost equal to the industry's best year (1953)."

PAN AMERICAN World Airways hopes to cash in on West Germany's fabulous economic revival by starting direct flights between Berlin and New York. Scheduled time is 17 hrs., 11 min., including stops at Hamburg, Prestwick Airport, Scotland, and occasionally Gander, Nfld. Fare, \$343.40 one way.

RAILROAD COACH FARES cheaper than bus rates will be tried out by the Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad on the most heavily traveled section of its main line in Texas. Round-trip rates from San Antonio to Dallas will be cut from \$13.20 to \$8.80, v. the bus fare of \$11.35. If a six-month trial works, the cut will be extended through the entire system, which has suffered a big drop in passenger revenues.

TRADE WITH CHINA is being pushed hard by Britain, which has issued a new list of "nonstrategic" items that can be exported. Among Britain's allowable exports: metalworking machinery, conveyers, mathematical and drawing instruments, antibiotics.

STOCKPILING PROGRAM for lead and zinc, aimed at helping the mining industry, will be extended to other strategic metals after July 1. Total purchases are expected to reach \$2 billion.

SEARS, ROEBUCK, which has always plugged its own Kenmore line of home appliances, will add G.E., Westinghouse and other national brands to its fall-winter catalogue. The mail order house's theory is that if a product is selling well, Sears should sell it.

\$1,200,000 they bought a 40% interest in California's Del Mar Race Track, and said they had "control." This time their goal was not profit, but charity.

The race-track purchase is the first step toward building up a pet Murchison project known as Boys, Inc. The organization would fight delinquency by constructing community recreation centers for boys throughout the nation. Wheeler-Dealer Murchison's idea is to support the organization by buying race tracks and putting them on a tax-free, charitable basis: he has already appealed to the Treasury Department for a favorable ruling. Said Murchison: "If I can, I'll buy every blamed track in the country and turn them all into nonprofit corporations to supply funds for Boys, Inc."

CONVERTIBILITY

A Giant Step Toward Free Trade

IN the past two years the financial strength of the free nations of the world has grown remarkably. Europe is now strong enough for the biggest and riskiest financial step since the end of World War II: free convertibility of currencies.

Convertibility is a jawbreaker with a simple meaning. With convertible currency a man who earns money in foreign trade can change it into any other currency, spend it where he likes, without any restrictions. Convertibility would do far more than profit individual traders. Freeing currency and commerce from controls and restrictions would be the greatest spur to world trade and prosperity since World War II. The prospects are so hopeful that last week an eight-nation committee of European and U.S. officials decided to meet in Paris next month to discuss convertibility.

One reason for this swift trend is the success of the European Payments Union, set up to stabilize European currencies and encourage freer exchange. Another reason is the strength and stability of British sterling, the exchange used in 40% of the world's foreign trade. As sterling has become stabilized, so has Britain prospered. Last month her gold and dollar reserves rose \$165 million, to a total of \$3 billion. Her additional surplus in EPU for May is £10.9 million.

Britain's industrial production index (on which 1948 equals 100) was 124 for April, up six points from the year before. Such signs of better times have already led Britain to reopen London's gold and commodity markets, and rationing on everything but meat, and lift restrictions on about half of all imports.

Nor is Britain alone in its prosperity. Booming Western Germany has also been pressing for convertibility. In three years Germany's EPU balance had rocketed from a deficit of \$450 million to the present credit of \$1 billion, and her gold and dollar reserves have climbed from \$190 million to \$1.4 billion. Belgium, with \$201 million credit in EPU, and The Netherlands, with a \$209 million credit, are already freely exchanging their francs and guilders for dollars, although each retains nominal controls. Portugal, Austria and Denmark have stopped inflation, ended shortages and are eager to sell abroad. Even still-ailing France and Italy are ready to go along with the trend and free their traders and citizens from the old currency controls.

But Britain, who must lead Western

Europe into convertibility, is understandably cautious; she was once badly burned. In 1946 Britain borrowed \$3.75 billion from the U.S. on the Treasury's condition that she would make sterling fully convertible a year later. This premature attempt was a disaster because the pound, officially pegged at \$4.03, was far overvalued. Therefore foreigners with balances in England turned overvalued pounds into dollars so fast that in one month Britain was almost out of dollars, and convertibility was hastily suspended. When the British devalued the pound to \$2.80 in 1949, the first great step was taken toward convertibility.

The specific timetable for convertibility will probably be written in September, when the directors of the International Monetary Fund meet in Washington. It is almost certain that it will begin in a limited form. Only the wildest economic dreamers advocate full, worldwide convertibility in the near future. Britain wants first to make her nonresident, current-account sterling fully changeable into any currency. This simply means that a non-sterling country, such as France, that earned money in Britain on current sales could take its profit in dollars if it wished. The £280 million in sterling balances piled up in past transactions and frozen in dozens of countries by exchange restrictions would be thawed gradually, probably over months or years.

Some experts, such as Thomas H. McKittrick, retired vice president of the Chase National Bank, who conducted a survey on convertibility for the International Chamber of Commerce, argue that convertibility will have to be underwritten by the U.S. with a huge fund of gold reserves, possibly \$10 billion. But there is scant support in Washington for such a plan.

The major U.S. contributions will be to support (through present investments in the International Monetary Fund) the value of foreign currencies and to maintain its own prosperity. All bets on convertibility would be off if the U.S. should have a serious slump, because U.S. prosperity is the key to world prosperity, and world prosperity is essential to convertibility. In some European capitals the casual attitude of the U.S. toward convertibility is criticized as lack of a policy. But Washington is deliberately keeping hands off, thereby encouraging Western Europe to work out its own problems, make its own decisions and set its own pace.

GOVERNMENT

The FPC's Dilemma

Cried Texas Governor Allan Shivers last week: "This is one of the greatest invasions of states' rights the courts have ever announced." What had alarmed him, along with oilmen and officials of other big gas-producing states, was the new gas decision of the U.S. Supreme Court (TIME, June 14). The Federal Power Commission, said the court, has authority to regulate natural-gas rates charged by "independent producers," i.e., those who gather gas within a state and then sell it to interstate pipeline companies.

The ruling came as a shock to the FPC. The commission itself had held in 1951 that it had no authority to regulate the price of gas at the wellhead. Now the FPC must exercise a power it does not want. Nevertheless, the commission, under Chairman Jerome Kuykendall, plans to reopen rate hearings immediately for the Phillips Petroleum Co., the big independent producer that carried the gas case to the Supreme Court, and try to set a rate pattern for other independents.

Floor & Ceiling. To regulate gas, the commission must stretch its authority over 140 interstate pipeline companies to cover 2,300 more independent gas producers. This raises some thorny problems. Ordinarily, in setting rates for a public utility, the FPC examines the company's costs, investments, etc., then fixes a price that will bring a fair return, usually 6%.

With the independents, a new method may have to be worked out. Costs and investments vary widely, since some are lucky enough to hit a high average of producing wells, while others sink large sums into a big proportion of dry holes (the industry averages one producing well out of nine). The FPC may have to fix separate rates for each field or geographical area, or it may follow a precedent it set two months ago in fixing rates for pipeline companies that produce some of their own gas. At that time the FPC abandoned the investment formula for gas produced by pipeline companies and let the going market price be the standard (TIME, April 26). Under this system, the regulated price would be the same as the market price within a state.

Rates will be further complicated by the fact that natural-gas production is also regulated by state bodies, such as the Texas Railroad Commission. While the FPC must set a ceiling on rates, the state agencies set a floor under them, in the interest of encouraging exploration and development of new fields and avoiding waste through overproduction. If floor and ceiling collide, the conflict may have to be ironed out in the courts again.

Cancellations & Cutbacks. In their anger against the court, gasmen talked of a sharp cutback in new drilling and exploration, rather than take high risks with the expectation of getting only a 6% return. Some producers planned to avoid FPC regulation by diverting gas to uses within the states where it is produced. Many producers planned to cancel con-



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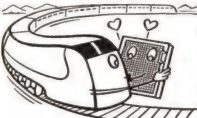
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tracts with pipeline companies, in performance with cancellation clauses that go into effect if FPC gets or exercises rate-setting powers.

In any case, if enough gas is diverted from pipelines, rates to gas consumers in the East and Midwest would go up, since transportation and handling costs, which account for up to 90% of the price of gas, go up sharply when pipelines are partly empty. Furthermore, if FPC pegs rates too low, exploration would be nipped and the total gas supply reduced, also boosting rates.

Congressmen from the Southwest last week talked about a new law that would take the Government out of the gas-regulating business, such as the Kerr natural-gas bill, which was vetoed by Harry Truman in 1950. The chances of getting such a law through this session are slim, since legislators from gas-consuming states would oppose it in an election year. But oil-and-gas men think that consumers may feel differently if there are gas shortages.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Richard Weil Jr., 46, onetime president of Macy's Manhattan store (world's largest) and advocate of "practical thinking" and "trained intuition" for solving management problems, was appointed chairman of the new five-man operating committee for Schenley Industries, Inc. (biggest U.S. distillery). Yaleman Weil, grandson of one of Macy's founders, resigned from Macy's after a year of falling profits and a money-losing price war on fair-trade merchandise. Since then he has been serving as assistant president of the National Association for Mental Health. At Schenley, Weil will work under Board Chairman Lewis Rosenstiel and President Ralph Heymsfeld.

¶ Arthur K. Watson, 35, youngest son of Thomas J. Watson, board chairman of International Business Machines Corp., moved up from vice president to president of World Trade Corp., the I.B.M. subsidiary that runs all foreign business. Arthur thus edged a notch closer to brother Tom Jr., 40, I.B.M. president. A graduate of Hotchkiss and Yale (class of '42), Arthur rose to major in Army Ordnance during World War II, returned to join the family company as a salesman in 1947.

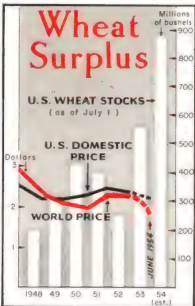
¶ Donald E. Rust, 76, white-haired patriarch of the greeting-card business, was elected president and chief executive officer of United Printers and Publishers Inc., second largest U.S. greeting-card maker. An ex-Colorado mining engineer, Rust quit his profession in 1906 to join his brother Fred in a Kansas City bookshop. Together they brought out a prototype of the flowery Christmas card, saw it catch on, and founded Boston's Rust Craft Publishers, Inc. (now a United Printers subsidiary). Cashing in on sentiment and anniversaries, they built Rust Craft into a business with a \$10,200,000 gross last year.

¶ Largest: Kansas City's Hallmark.

COMMODITIES

Price War in Wheat

Through the wheat markets of the world last week ran a two-word scare: price war. To move more of its towering wheat stocks into export, the U.S. raised its subsidy to exporters, thus permitted them to cut export prices 10¢ a bushel (to about \$1.75). Canada promptly followed suit, and Trade Minister, C. D. Howe warned that more price cuts would be made if necessary. Wheat trading slowed to a halt in England and other European markets. Argentina's Minister of Economic Affairs Alfredo Gomez Morales charged the U.S. with "dumping." Said Sir John Teasdale, chairman of the Australian Wheat Board: the cuts could result in "a repetition of the depression story when a similar price war



Text Chart by V. Puglisi

(forced wheat below 2 shillings [then 50¢] a bushel.)

Actually, the price cutting was started, not by the U.S., but by Canada, which made a preliminary cut of 7¢ a bushel in February, quickly matched by the U.S. But what concerned the wheat trade last week was not who started the bargain sales, but how they might end.

Supply & Demand. The price cutting was the result of too much wheat. Five years ago, 46 nations formed the International Wheat Agreement, and such big producing nations as Canada, the U.S. and Australia agreed to allot a certain amount of their wheat for export in a stipulated price range (not to exceed \$1.80 a bushel). When inflation, the Korean war and poor foreign crops put wheat in tight supply, the International Wheat Agreement worked fine, at least for the importing nations, which got what they needed at bargain prices. But recently, with wheat in surplus, I.W.A. has not worked so well. Such nations as France and India, which have had good crops,



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TIME, JUNE 21, 1954

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have fallen far short of importing their quotas. And Britain last year refused to renew its I.W.A. commitments, complaining that the new maximum price demanded (\$22.05 a bushel) was too high.

The U.S. has been hardest hit by the slump in wheat exports. For the seven-year period ending in 1952, the U.S. was the world's leading wheat exporter, with an average 417 million bushels a year—46% of the total trade. Last year shipments fell by almost one-third to 317 million bushels, and this year they are estimated at no more than 215 million, or only 30% of the total (Canada's share: 40%). To enable its exporters to compete in world markets (instead of just unloading on the government), the U.S. has had to boost its subsidy to as high as 50¢ a bushel, to make up the difference between the domestic and world price. More than half of wheat exports move under the International Wheat Agreement. But with importers waiting for more price cuts, the U.S. has not even filled half this year's I.W.A. quota of 210 million bushels.

Growing Mountain. Last week it was plain that the wheat problem will get worse before it gets better. Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson predicted that this year's U.S. crop will total 999,561,000 bushels, almost 100 million more than predicted only two months ago. While 15% below last year, because of acreage reductions, the harvest would still be 140 million bushels more than the U.S. expects to need for domestic and foreign markets. Barring some unforeseen new demand, the record U.S. wheat stocks of 875 million bushels (previous record: 1942's 631 million) will top a billion a year from now.

In London this week, the International Wheat Council is meeting to discuss the world's wheat worries. The U.S. delegates will try to persuade importing nations to take their full quotas. If they refuse—as seems likely—it is quite possible that the U.S. may cut its export price from \$1.75 a bushel to the minimum \$1.55 allowed under I.W.A. That would give Wheat Agreement members the clear choice of honoring the agreement or wailing—and other exporters little choice but to meet the new U.S. price.

OIL

Floating Drill

In 47 ft. of water off the coast of Louisiana last week, a strange-looking structure on ten giant steel "legs" hummed with activity. On its 203-ft.-long platform, propped 38 ft. above the water, lay all the tools, cables, pipe and machinery needed for oil drilling. In the center stood an oil derrick, at one end a helicopter landing space and a small portable bunkhouse. Built by Manhattan's DeLong Engineering & Construction Co. and J. Ray McDermott Co. of Houston, and leased to Humble Oil, the odd-looking dock-barge is the first of its kind in the world, promises to be a great help in the hunt for offshore oil.

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THE WORLD OVER

TIME



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SAFEGWAY STORES, INCORPORATED

1953 Business Record

Safeway, the world's second largest retail

food concern, set a new record for sales and nearly doubled

1952 earnings in this first post-war year of normal

competitive business conditions.

- Safeway's 2,037 retail stores are located in 23 States of the U.S.A. and 5 Canadian Provinces.
- Thirty-one new stores were under construction at year's end and specifications were completed or in process of completion for 121 additional stores.
- In 1953, Safeway contributed \$6,700,619 in the form of city, county, school and local district taxes toward the cost of local government. In addition, it paid \$21,231,592 in income, sales, excise, franchise and social security taxes to the state and federal governments.
- Excellent employee relations were maintained all year. Liberal group insurance, retirement and profit-sharing programs are available to all employees.

Here's How Each \$100 of Safeway's Income Was Used

in 1953		in 1952
\$84.70	Paid out to Partners and other Suppliers of Goods and Expenses for Manufacturing and Warehousing	\$85.85
7.41	Paid out in Salaries, Wages and Bonuses	7.44
4.88	Paid out for Operating Supplies and other Expenses	4.41
1.41	Paid out for Local, State and Federal Taxes	1.12
.71	Set aside to cover Depreciation	.69
.83	Profit for Stockholders and Surplus	.45
.06	Paid out as Compensation to Elected Officers	.04
\$100.00		\$100.00

10 Year Comparative Record of Safeway Stores, Incorporated and all Subsidiaries Consolidated

Year	Capital and Surplus	Net Assets Per Share of Preferred Stock	Book Value Per Share of Common Stock*	Dividends Per Share of Common Stock*	Net Earnings Per Share of Common Stock*
1944 . . .	\$ 67,564,498	\$209	\$16.40	\$1.00	\$1.43
1945 . . .	62,604,685	311	16.97	1.00	1.59
1946 . . .	71,901,081	359	20.18	1.00	4.29
1947 . . .	76,039,946	388	21.96	1.00	2.25
1948 . . .	81,972,829	428	24.44	1.00	3.50
1949 . . .	91,236,990	488	28.22	1.25	5.04
1950 . . .	113,215,274	371	29.76	2.40	5.20
1951 . . .	113,821,747	377	29.58	2.40	2.26
1952 . . .	132,373,480	266	29.03	2.40	2.01
1953 . . .	138,196,700	335	31.23	2.40	4.31

*Number of shares adjusted to reflect April 12, 1945 3-for-1 split.

NET SALES TOP 1952

Topping the record year of 1952, net sales for 1953 of Safeway Stores, Incorporated and all subsidiaries reached \$1,751,819,708, the greatest in the Company's history. This was an increase of \$112,724,496 or 6.88% over the previous high set in 1952.

NET PROFITS CONTINUE UP

1953 net profits before income taxes were \$29,620,074 or nearly double 1952's net profit of \$17,094,348. After allowing for a refund of \$470,122 of excess profits taxes and after providing for United States Federal Normal Income Tax and Surplus of \$12,026,000 and Canadian taxes on income of \$3,185,000, the net profit after income taxes was \$14,544,732 for 1953 as compared with \$7,331,943 for 1952.

EARNINGS AND DIVIDENDS

Net earnings on the common stock, after payment of preferred dividends of \$1,914,418, were \$4.31 per share on the 2,928,159 average number of common shares outstanding during 1953. This compares with \$2.01 per share earned in 1952 on the 2,631,207 shares outstanding. Dividends on the 291,886 shares of 4% cumulative preferred and 120,177 shares of 4 1/2% cumulative convertible preferred stock outstanding at the end of the year were earned 8.51 times. Cash dividends of \$2.40 per share were paid on the common stock. The Company's record of uninterrupted dividends was maintained by the payment of the 109th consecutive dividend on its common stock in December, 1953.

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

Total net assets on December 31, 1953 of Safeway and all subsidiaries were \$138,196,700. Total current assets of the same date were \$233,101,905 and total current liabilities were \$141,721,275. The ratio of current assets to current liabilities was 1.64 to 1.

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DeLong-McDermott DRILL BARGE
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has been done from permanent platforms propped up on steel pilings. To move to another site, all the drilling machinery had to be loaded onto barges and moved separately. The DeLong-McDermott barge comes completely equipped—even with its own caissons. They are dropped to the ocean floor through holes in the hull, then jacks lift the hull above the water, making a solid platform for drilling. When the driller wants to move, he simply lowers the hull to the water and pulls up the caissons. DeLong figures that the whole operation should take no more than 24 hours.

DeLong, which has been working on the 5,000,000-lb. barge with McDermott for the past year, is building a second unit capable of operating in 100 ft. of water, will lease it to Magnolia Petroleum Co. Barge No. 2 will be a dc lux model, with air-conditioned living quarters for a crew of 45.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Storm Warning. An airborne radar system that shows the pilot a closeup picture of storms 150 miles away was demonstrated by Bendix Aviation Corp. The new scope, instead of showing thunderheads as fuzzy blotches, outlines a storm as a doughnut with the storm center a hole, thus guides a pilot around the worst turbulence. The set weighs only 130 lbs., is small enough for a two-engine executive plane. Price: approximately \$20,000.

Cheek Stick. A new camouflage stick for blemishes and circles under the eyes is being brought out by Hollywood's Max Factor. "Erace" comes in a brass, lipstick-shaped case in six shades. Price: \$1.75.

Instant Demitasse. A thick, Italian-type after-dinner coffee was put on sale

in powder form by Brooklyn's Albert Ehlers Inc. New coffee is packaged in a 2-oz. jar under the brand name "Caffé Caribé." Price: about 79¢.

Metal Fixer. An aluminum putty was put on sale by Cleveland's Woodhill Chemical Co. The soft-metal can be used to fix pots & pans, patch auto fenders, metalize baby shoes, fill holes in wood and plaster, etc., and dries hard enough in four hours to be drilled or sanded. Price: \$1.35 for a 12-oz. can.

Homemade Tractor. A midget, build-it-yourself garden tractor was put on the market by Kansas City's Belsaw Machinery Co. Belsaw claims its new midget can be put together in a single afternoon with wrenches, pliers, etc. The tractor comes without an engine, but will operate on any 1½-to-3-h.p. gasoline motor. Price: \$99.50, without attachments.

Underground Heartbeat. A supersensitive device that warns of rockfalls during tunneling was developed by researchers of Boston's Liberty Mutual Insurance Co. Inserted in a drill hole, the stethoscopic-like device picks up the noise of sliding rock molecules long before the fall comes, thereby gives tunnelers ample time to get out. Price: about \$500.

Glass House. Non-warping, translucent-plastic building panels have been put on sale by Russell Reinforced Plastics Corp. of Lindenhurst, N.Y., which claims its ½-in.-thick panel is strong as steel of the same weight and rigid as plate glass, thus needs no special bracing. Price: approximately \$1.75 per sq. ft.

Rafter Cooler. An industrial air conditioner that hangs from the ceiling, takes up no floor space, and has a power unit that can be raised and lowered for servicing, was announced by Chicago's Union Asbestos & Rubber Co. Price: \$1,892 to \$3,738.

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NEW ISSUE

June 9, 1954

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RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA

CINEMA

End of the Affair

At a cozy little resort spot called Zephyr Cove on the Nevada shore of Lake Tahoe, sultry Cinemactress Ava Gardner, 31, settled down for six weeks while awaiting a divorce from Husband No. 3: Crooner-Cinemactor Frank Sinatra (No. 1: Cinemugger Mickey Rooney; No. 2: Bandleader Artie Shaw). Though well on her way to challenging the marriage records of such Hollywood veterans as Arline Judge (six husbands) and Hedy Lamarr (only five), Ava seemed momentarily weary. Just back from Italy, she was on the mend after a bout with two kidney stones. Nor had she got a warm welcome from her studio, which last week



David Douglas Duncan—LIFE
AVA GARDNER

Men are necessary, not evil.

suspended her for stalling at playing the lead in *Love Me or Leave Me*, the film biography of Singer Ruth Etting.

But Ava nothing if not resilient continued to face life with a moist smile, though her expression was a trifle more jaded than it was when she first emerged from the North Carolina hills and crashed Hollywood 13 years ago. Preening her finery, she allowed: "Men are necessary, definitely not evil." Trusting to her lawyers' discretion, Ava supposed that her divorce will be "on the usual grounds" (i.e., mental cruelty). Once free of each other, she and Frankie, like casual roommates, will simply pack up and go their own ways. The agreement: "He'll take what he has, and I'll take what I have."

The New Pictures

Hobson's Choice (London Films; United Artists) is a cheerful little slice of death, warmed over and served with some lively comic sauces by Producer-Director David Lean (*Brief Encounter*, *Great*

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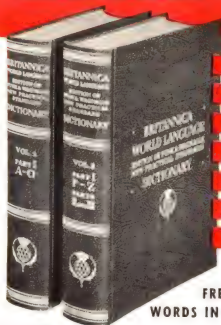
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Expectations) and Actor Charles Laughton. The corpse in the case is the British lower middle class, the people Novelist Arnold Bennett found when he lifted the rock of Victorian respectability.

Laughton plays the part of a widowed tradesman, a better-grade booter whose three daughters have reached the physical age for marriage. Father, however, has reached the mental age where he cannot let them go, especially when a substantial marriage portion goes with each one. The old terror stalks from his "rightful 'ome comforts" to his "reasonable refreshment" at the pub, bragging in one place about his eminence in the other, while his daughters run the business for him and see their suitors on the sly.

All at once, the eldest daughter (Brenda de Banzie), a spinster of 30 winters, announces that she is going to wed the boothhand from the cellar (John Mills).



CHARLES LAUGHTON
Belches, bug-eyes and goliwogs.

with or without father's permission. When father shows them the door, the two set up a rival shop and soon have most of the old man's business out of his pocket.

What a period comedy generally needs is a strong hand in the cutting shears. Surprisingly, Director Lean has succumbed too often to a temptation to stand there with his shutter hanging open and stare at a prodigious exhibition of facial calisthenics. Laughton smirks, pouts, bug-eyes, belches, quivers his wattle, sleeve-wipes his nose, and generally goliwogs it to a degree he has not attained since *The Private Life of Henry VIII*.

Too much Laughton leaves the audience feeling that there has been too little Brenda de Banzie and John Mills, who are excellent as the spinster and her working-man suitor.

The Long Wait (Parklane: United Artists). Mickey Spillane is not a writer to duck the vital issues. The first movie made from one of his mysteries, *I, The Jury* (TIME, Aug. 7), was a warning to psychoanalysts to stay out of the numbers

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racket. The second is apparently an ad for amnesia.

Anthony Quinn, a bank teller who has lost his memory, has it jogged by the police, who want him to remember that he has robbed the bank and killed a man. Quinn, clever enough to know where memories are likely to get lost, sets out on an intimate rummage through the bedroom of every pretty girl he wishes he remembered.

"Man, you're smooth!" says the first of them (Shawn Smith), and Quinn begins to rumble toward a sofa, gently oscillating her pelvic region with a towel. "Don't press your luck," warns the second (Mary Ellen Kay), but it is not his luck that Anthony presses.

At the third doorbell (Dolores Donlon), Quinn plays the gentleman and invites the girl to go out with him. "I can't," she says. "I haven't a thing to wear." So she and Quinn stay home. Last stop is a girl named Venus (Peggie Castle), but by this time Quinn seems a little too tired to play an adequate Adonis.

The pleasures of amnesia also include a chance to punch the daylight out of a fatso-&-so (Bruno Ve Sota), and to give two other villains a fatal case of lead poisoning. When Hero Quinn finally gets his memory back, it seems almost an unhappy ending.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Dial M for Murder. Ray Milland tries to murder Grace Kelly, but Director Alfred Hitchcock sees to it that he gets his comeuppance (TIME, May 24).

Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. Daniel Defoe's great classic, as wonderful as ever, with Actor Dan O'Herlihy outwitting mutineers, cannibals and nature itself (TIME, May 24).

Executive Suite. Star-studded scramble for the presidency of a big corporation; with William Holden, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, Fredric March, Walter Pidgeon, Shelley Winters, etc., etc. (TIME, May 10).

Knock on Wood. Some extremely funny Kaydenzas by a brilliant clown, Danny Kaye (TIME, April 26).

Night People. Capitalist meets commissar in Berlin and Writer-Producer-Director Nunnally Johnson bangs their heads together; with Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford (TIME, March 22).

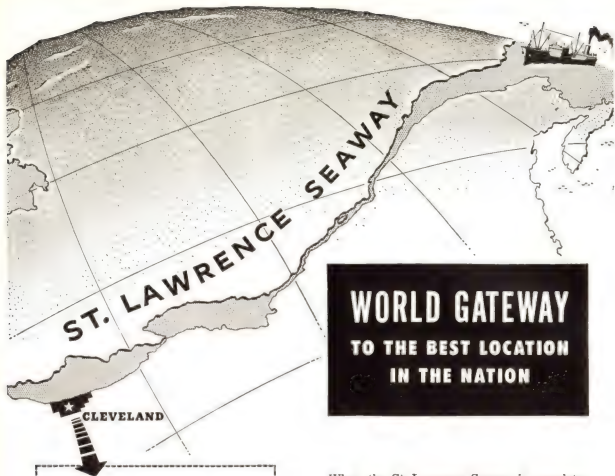
Beat the Devil. John Huston and Truman Capote tell a completely wacky shaggy-dog story; with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, Peter Lorre (TIME, March 8).

The Pickwick Papers. The first full-length film of Charles Dickens' monumental jape; with James Hayter, Donald Wolfelt, Joyce Grenfell (TIME, March 1).

The Final Test. A British joke about cricket, well told; with Robert Morley (TIME, Feb. 22).

Rob Roy. Walt Disney's highland fling through an old Scots story; with Richard Todd, Glynis Johns (TIME, Feb. 8).

It Should Happen to You. Judy Holliday in a sharp little Garson Kanin comedy about a girl on the make (TIME, Jan. 25).



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strange case of miss r.

THE BIRD'S NEST (276 pp.)—Shirley Jackson—Farrar Straus & Young (\$3.50).

Split personality seems to be the literary vogue this season. In *A Garden to the Sea* (TIME, April 19), Philip Toynbee split his hero four ways, mainly to tell an experimental love story. Marghanita Laski used the simpler, two-way, Jekyll & Hyde approach in *The Victorian Chaise Longue* (TIME, June 14). In *The Bird's Nest*, Novelist Shirley Jackson reverts to Toynbee's four-in-one split to document a tortuous case of mental illness.

Elizabeth Richmond is an unassuming, 22-year-old clerk-typist who trots dutifully to her museum job every morning and dutifully back to her brandy-swilling guardian, Aunt Morgen, every night. She has the looks and manners of a mouse, the brains of a flea and a fondness for cocoa ("Miserable puny stuff," snorts Aunt Morgen, "fit for kittens and unwashed boys"). Backaches and migraine headaches pin Elizabeth to her bed every so often, and Aunt Morgen is solicitous until she finds the girl sneaking out of the house in the small hours. Accused of a secret romance or worse, Elizabeth draws a blank and claims to know nothing of her nocturnal jaunts. What worries Elizabeth far more are the scrawled little notes she keeps finding on her office desk, uncaptialized in the manner of e.e. cummings, e.g., "i know all about you dirty dirty lizzie and you can't get away from me and i won't ever leave you or tell you who i am ha ha ha."

Three Plus One Splits. "Honest . . . kiddo," says Aunt Morgen, "you ought to see a doctor." Dr. Wright finds Elizabeth no more responsive than a waterlogged stick, until he tries hypnosis. Under hyp-

nosis, Miss R.'s case, as the doctor calls it, becomes the plight of Goldilocks and those old Freudian bears. Superego, Ego and Id, Superego Elizabeth is a tense bundle of inhibitions clamped in the vise of social norms. Smothering within her is a sweet, outgoing girl, her potential Ego, whom the doctor nicknames Beth. Lower still is the impish, fun-loving scribbler, the naughty Id, whom the doctor calls Betsy. The three of them start playing musical chairs.

At this point *The Bird's Nest** promises some interesting psychological explosions. But, except for a brief surrealist lark when Betsy runs off to New York with her captive sisters, the novel dredges a long, dry stream-bed of consciousness. Halfway through, in need of a fresh character, Author Jackson invents still another Miss R., a money-loving witch named Bess. By that time Miss R. is whirling through personality changes like a shifty quarterback on a hidden-ball play, and the reader is in need of a score card.

Four Plus Two Letters. After sounding like the minutes from the last psychologists' convention for some 200 pages, Dr. Wright finally spells out the poor girl's trouble in a four-plus-two-letter word: mother.

A racing axiom has it that a thoroughbred always returns to its best form. In *The Lottery and Hangersman*, Shirley Jackson gave signs of being a writing thoroughbred, but *The Bird's Nest* marks only scattered returns to her best form.

In Rusty Armor

A CHILD OF THE CENTURY (654 pp.)—Ben Hecht—Simon & Schuster (\$5).

As a young Chicago newspaperman, Ben Hecht once found himself standing in a train shed awaiting the arrival of a VIP when he observed a workman lying underneath a locomotive. "His legs protruded from the thighs down. I noted that the locomotive had steam up and that its bell was ringing." Next minute "the workman's long legs were lying on the platform . . . The rest of him . . . remained between the tracks." Just then the VIP's train pulled in, so Reporter Hecht left "the bloody scene" and hurried off to his interview. "I had felt no shock at what had happened under my nose, and by the time I interviewed the statesman I had forgotten it."

Author Hecht describes this iron insensibility as a "katatonic armor [that] has served me frequently in my living. Whether it served me well or not, I have sometimes wondered." The quarter-million words of his autobiography, most of which reads like a cry from the soul of an armored car, should clear up this question once and for all.

Ben Hecht has assaulted the world as

© Its title obviously taken from the old riddle: Elizabeth, Lizzy, Betsy and Bess. All went together to seek a bird's nest; They found a nest with five eggs in it; They each took one and left four in it.



AUTHOR HECHT
In the buff, not so tough.

a gifted playwright (*The Front Page*), maudlin novelist (*A Jew in Love*), bright essayist (*A Guide for the Bedeviled*) and cantankerous pamphleteer for Zionism. From boyhood, when he lay in a Racine (Wis.) attic gobbling Shakespeare, Hecht regarded the world simply as a mint for the coining of "words" and "phrases." Most young bibliophiles "take sides" passionately when they read a book, regardless of whether they understand all the words, but young Hecht managed to do just the opposite. He recognized no "characters" in Shakespeare, only "words [that] seemed to hang in the air like feats of magic." He was only 16 when he landed the job of "picture chaser" on the *Chicago Daily Journal*. He was "sent forth each dawn to fetch back a photograph . . . usually [of] a woman who had undergone some unusual experience . . . such as rape, suicide, murder or *flagrante delicto* . . . While maturer minds badgered the survivors . . . I scurried through bedrooms, poked noiselessly into closets, trunks and bureau drawers, and the coveted photograph under my coat, bolted for the street."

How to Be Happy. Armored Ben's first prose efforts took the form of phony news stories ("Tales of lawsuits no court had ever seen, involving names no city directory had ever known"). Then he was promoted to genuine rapes, brothel murders, "a rash of bichloride of mercury suicides." He saw 17 murderers "twisting in their white sheets on the end of the whining rope" and could, today, he says, "cover a hundred pages with . . . fascinating cadavers." Writes Hecht nostalgically of those days: "That was happiness."

The weakness of Hecht's armor was that it left him in sketchy underwear whenever he took it off. Like many another supposedly invulnerable fellow, he was exposed, when in the buff, as more of a maudlin breast-beater than a *Front Page*



Robert C. Paley

AUTHOR JACKSON

In musical chairs, Freudian bears.

Management and labor see eye to eye on CREDIT UNION benefits

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—MONROE FLINN, Chairman of the Joint Union Committee (C.I.O.), President Local 16

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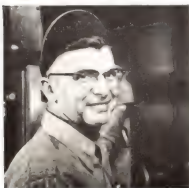
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MR. MARSHALL AND MR. FLINN are both members of the credit union at the Granite City Steel Company. They are shown talking together here by a rolling machine in the steel plant.



JAMES C. HUTCHISON, rolling machine operator, says, "Our credit union has helped me out several times. Believe me, it's sure good to have a place to get a low-cost loan right where you work!" The credit union pays for life insurance equal to loans so that borrowers' families are protected.



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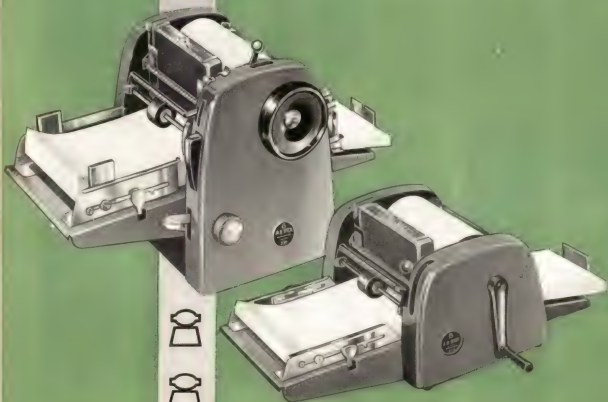
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chesty. Swept up by the Chicago literary movement just before World War I, he tried to temper his fondness for cadavers with pious offerings at the shrine of *The Little Review*. In its inner circle a young man might hear anything from a first reading of Sandburg's *Chicago* to Maxwell Bodenheim's murmuring cottony love messages into the rapt ears of plump bluestockings ("Your face is an incense bowl from which a single name rises").

Apostle in Disguise. "I dedicated myself," says Hecht, "to attacking prudes, piety-mongers and all apostles of virtue." The snag was that young Ben, raised by a good mother, was himself a disguised apostle of virtue. He would prance into a brothel "playing drunkard and whore-monger with all the vocabulary at my command"—only to find himself clutching the hand of a fallen sister and begging her to reform. He even took one young prostitute to live with him and "encouraged her to weep over her vile life." He "read books to her every night," while she "lay nude . . . listening like one bewitched." Disillusionment came when the young shepherd returned home unexpectedly and found his lamb folded into bed with "a man with a large mustache." Beside the bed sat a second gent, waiting his turn. Poor Hecht fled "this hellish sight"—but not without recalling appropriate words of Swinburne:

*O lips full of lust and of laughter,
Curled snakes that are fed from my breast . . .*

But when Hecht looks back on it all, he laments the passing of those "merry," "wanton" days. True, he went on to make a heap of money on Broadway and in Hollywood, but this, he says, was cold comfort because he suffered terribly from "a nostalgia for poverty." He gets some comfort out of the somewhat mistaken belief that until he spoke up in 1939 "no voice of any importance anywhere" had protested against Hitler's butchery of Jews. He is also proud of having backed Palestine's *Irgun* terrorists so vigorously that he found "British spies among the early irises" of his Nyack garden and became "evidently forgetting about Benjamin Disraeli, the first Jew to be denounced in the House of Commons for 500 years." But to Hecht none of this counts for much compared with the misfortune of living in the contemporary world. For Ben Hecht clearly blames Ben Hecht on his time—which may be less than fair to the 20th century.

Also, Gassy Lamentation. Today, Author Hecht believes, "the artist is a vanishing figure . . . Individualism has dried up." All the girls, he complains, have become "masculinized," all the men soft as blubber. Police state government bleeds the citizen with taxes, relentlessly watches his every move. It is a far cry from the good old days of 1921, when Author Hecht, acting as "fund-raiser" for a Baptist group, "persuaded the Baptist synd . . . to offer a prize of \$5,000 for the best biography of the Savior," entered the contest under "the name of a needy Baptist

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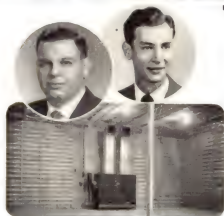
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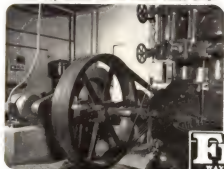
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pastor"—and walked off with the prize.

If Hecht had confined his autobiography to a personal record of such activities, it would have made more interesting reading. But he has padded it with feats of overblown metaphor ("My throat is sick with too much living, as if I had swallowed a long stove pipe") and bursts of gassy lamentation ("About those around me—hardly any have ever given me anything I could use as a human being—love, understanding or comfort"). *A Child of the Century* drives home the lesson that words and phrases are best kept short and plain—a fact Hecht might have learned from the story he tells about Author Michael (*The Green Hat*) Arlen, who "affected a shepherd's crook for evening wear." Once at dinner a lady novelist told him: "You look almost like a woman." Arlen studied her for a moment and answered simply: "So do you."



NOVELIST DU MAURIER
A dagger at the heart.

About Great-Great-Grandma

MARY ANNE [351 pp.]—Daphne du Maurier—Doubleday (\$3.50).

Daphne du Maurier, 46, is one of the slickest pros now producing bestselling belles-lettres. She dips her pen into the inkpot of romance, melodrama or suspense and aims it like a dagger at the heart of the defenseless reader, who is usually quite willing to hold still for her. Those who dodged such books as *Rebecca*, *Jamaica Inn*, *Frenchman's Creek*, were probably nailed by the movie versions. Novelist du Maurier's 18th book, a Book-of-the-Month-Club selection for July and a cinch to be both a bestseller and a movie, will not be escaped by many—and many may not want to escape.

Mary Anne is the story of a high-class trollop, but the sex is discreetly offered between the lines instead of between the sheets. The heroine reaches the pinnacle



He's head and
shoulders above his
Dad . . . *and the
reason may be news
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of her profession when she becomes the darling of the Duke of York, second son of George III and commander in chief of the army. But her stipend is lean, and she fattens it by peddling army commissions. When her c. in c. cashiers her for conduct unbecoming a mistress, she avenges herself by causing one of the juiciest scandals ever aired in the House of Commons. Her noble victim manages at least to stop her from writing her memoirs about him by making a cash & carry settlement. But Mary Anne, casting a Cassandra-like glance into the future, hopefully murmurs: "The promise [binds] only myself, and not my heirs."

It therefore does not bind Daphne du Maurier, who has written lively fiction and close-to-life history about Mary Anne Clarke, her great-great-grandmother.

The Old Melodrama

MY MISSION TO SPAIN [437 pp.]—Claude G. Bowers—Simon & Schuster (\$6).

The Spanish Civil War refuses to lie still in its political grave. It keeps haunting memories, arguments, books, and loyalty files. For countless Americans now over 35, it was the first great meeting with history, the first passionate political love affair—or hate binge. Scores of keen-eyed witnesses, including Britain's late George Orwell in *Homage to Catalonia* (TIME, May 19, 1952), have shown that the war was not a simple melodrama of Franco vice v. Loyalist virtue, but a far more complex tragedy in which the Loyalist side itself fought a kind of civil war within a civil war, being first championed and then betrayed by the Communists. Many a sentimental liberal has since learned his lesson and lost the illusions of the 30s. Not Claude Bowers.

Bowers was U.S. Ambassador to Spain from 1933 to '39. Besides having had a ringside seat for the war, Bowers was an able journalist (he was an editorial writer for the old *New York World*) and is a historian of some fame (*The Tragic Era, The Young Jefferson*). Unfortunately, in this book he has thrown off the historian's mantle and kept on only the form-fitting B.V.D.s of the sentimental liberal.

The Case for the Loyalists. The Bowers thesis is familiar: the war in Spain was an attack on the Spanish people, supported and largely engineered by Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy as a prelude to World War II; if the democracies had had the sense and courage to support the Loyalists, the Axis would have learned its lesson, and the world would have been spared the general horror of 1939-45.

To support this conviction, Author Bowers has marshaled powerful arguments. He recalls that the Spanish government that Franco set out to overthrow did not include even one Communist or Socialist, that out of more than 470 members in the Cortes there were only 15 Communists. He also presents convincing evidence that Italy and Germany were in the scrap from the beginning. His documentation of the murder by Franco's men

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of 15 pro-Loyalist Basque priests after the fall of Bilbao is tragic proof that not all the outrages against the church in Spain were committed by the Reds. He also argues fairly effectively that the Loyalists turned to Communist Russia for aid only after being denied the right to buy arms from Britain, France and the U.S. Even so, he insists (somewhat beside the point) that there were never more than 500 Russians in Spain during the war.

A Talent for Isolation. But Bowers damages his case immeasurably by overstating it. Essentially, he is retelling the same old preposterous melodrama. In his account, only Franco bombs and bullets ever kill women and children, only Franco soldiers ever murder their prisoners, only the Franco side ever lies. Frequently, Author Bowers sounds more like a pamphleteer than a competent historian, e.g., "It is ironical that the diplomatic repre-



Martha Holmes
EX-AMBASSADOR BOWERS
Down to his B.V.D.s.

sentative of every nation soon to be trodden neath the iron heel of Hitler was openly smiling on the totalitarian crusade against democracy in Spain."

Bowers writes much better when he is telling of his prewar rambles around the Spain he loved so well: Holy Week in Seville, wine-tasting in Jerez de la Frontera, a fiesta in Toledo, the running of the bulls in the streets of Pamplona.

Author Bowers, now 75, retired last year as U.S. Ambassador to Chile, where he had spent the 14 years since the Spanish Civil War putting about the embassy in slippers, brooding about his book, and proving himself an effective diplomat who made many friends for the U.S. It is a strange fact that during 20 years spent in Spanish-speaking countries, Bowers never mastered Spanish. This suggests a talent for isolating himself from the world around him, which may be one reason why Bowers also never mastered the complexities of Spain and its tragedy.



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Pride & Prejudice. In Moji, Japan, after they advised three newly elected beauty queens to be "chaste and virtuous and never easily seduced by men," city officials got hundreds of letters from male citizens, who complained that such advice was "a violation of basic human rights."

Next to Godliness . . . In Columbus, Ohio, Carpet-Layer William Wolfe complained to police that the burglar who ransacked his house also took a bath, left a ring around the tub.

Spectator Sport. In Clinton, Ohio, Willie Williams told sheriff's deputies that he had set 27 fires, eleven of them in one day, because he disliked the town marshal and "wanted to see him work."

Thimbleful. In Palm Beach, Fla., charged with drunken driving, Caddy Donald Jackson was fined \$100 despite his offhand denials: "All I had to drink was five shots of whisky and eight bottles of beer."

For Humble Pie. In Chicago, the Robert Moores decided to give their marriage another try after the judge learned that Moore's income was \$65 a week, told him: "You're too poor to enjoy the luxury of a divorce. I suggest that you become reconciled . . . Start off by taking your wife to lunch."

Prescription. In St. Paul, state officials warned local citizens against the "tree surgeon" who charged fat fees for treating "sick" trees with a mixture of aspirin and petroleum jelly.

Reappraisal. In Charlotte, N.C., after polling only 8,000 votes in a Democratic primary election for the U.S. Senate, Alvin Wingfield Jr. told reporters: "I think it is clear that the vast majority of our people do not agree with my ideas at this time."

For Your Information. In Durham, N.C., charged with obtaining more than \$1,500 in fake death claims from the Charlotte Liberty Mutual Insurance Co., Insurance Salesman Leon U. King explained that he had falsified the claims merely "to disclose to the home office that it could be done."

Verbum Sap. In Martinsburg, W. Va., Farm Machinery Dealer Ray Albright put an ad in the *Journal*: ALL THIEVES please quit breaking into our store. We never leave any money around the place after closing hours.

Forced Landing. In Malton, Ont., when police saw Lyquint Kekeler sprinting down a runway of the local airport flapping his arms, they quickly nabbed him, despite his protest: "I'm trying to take off for Ottawa to discuss the world situation with the Prime Minister."

SEE-LEVEL is a mile high when you hunt Spain's Ibex

1 "It takes 20-20 vision to bag the Ibex of Spain's Sierra de Gredos," writes Dick Henry, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Only among the rocky 6,000-foot peaks can you even glimpse this elusive mountain goat. On a hunt last fall, my host brought down one of these long-horns. Just as we reached it, I spotted another one. Big in the telescopic sights of my Mannlicher, that Ibex was a tough shot at 400 yards."



2 "One shot was all I had and I made it count. But it was hours before we could get to my prize and start lowering it down the steep face of Hoya del Caldero. What a trophy that Ibex would make!"



3 "A real beauty!" my host said as we loaded the buck I'd shot aboard the back of a horse farther down the mountain. I knew what he meant. The goat's graceful hornspread was impressive. Spanish law protects the really big animals, but the horns on mine were a good two feet long.



4 "One bag on an Ibex hunt is good; two called for a celebration. The Parador de Gredos was prepared for that—we were greeted with Canadian Club!"

5 "Once nearly extinct, the Ibex is now found in relative abundance. Like Canadian Club, which I find almost everywhere I travel."

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